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THE BYSTANDER, SEPTEMBER 2, 1936.

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The Bystander, September 2, 1936

No. 1707. Vol. CXXXI.

The BYSTANDER

Yevonde

A New Portrait of Lady Ebury

Lady Ebury is one of the loveliest young mothers in Debrett. She is twenty-four, the daughter of Major Herbert Acland-Troyte and was Anne Acland-Troyte before she married the fifth Baron Ebury in 1933. Lord and Lady Ebury have two sons, two-year-old Francis Grosvenor and Robert Victor Grosvenor, who was christened only last May with Mr. John Goring, the Hon. Hugh Grosvenor, Mrs. Thomas Dundas and the Hon. Mrs. de Yarburgh-Bateson as godparents. The Eburys have recently moved to a new home—Kingston Bagpuize House, in North Berkshire

Norman Parkinson

London Invasion

THE PASSING HOUR

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Germans have answered the French appeal for non-intervention in Spain at last. Rather surprisingly, they have agreed to the neutrality proposals. And then, as if to show that they don't want to be considered as good boys for long at a time, they at once announce the doubling of their conscript Army. It is a pretty little gesture. Lord Londonderry will be pleased. And so will the pro-Prussian lads in the City.

THE official reason for this great increase is the increase in the Soviet Army. Apparently Herr Hitler is terrified of a Soviet attack upon the Fatherland. It is true that Poland lies in between them, but what of that? It is true that Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania do not seem to be very frightened of a Soviet attack, but again what of that?

IT is more than likely that Portugal may come more into the limelight in the near future. Portugal is governed by a clerical-Fascist dictatorship, and is passionately anxious to avoid a Liberal, let alone a Socialist or Communist or Anarchist, Government across the border. Its sympathies—and also the sympathies of the influential English port-exporting houses—are vehemently on the side of the Anti-Government forces, and there have been some rather sinister stories of the turning-back at the frontier of fugitives from the Badajoz shambles, while rebels are allowed to come and go as they please. The stories may not be true. I hope they are not. But it must also be remembered that there is a pretty strong anti-Fascist party in Portugal, and if the Government is victorious in Spain, the boot may well be upon the other foot.

THE Russian trial must have had some reason behind it, but nobody outside the Kremlin seems to have detected it yet. The whole thing seems to be simply crazy. At a moment when Germany is menacing Russia, the Stalinite leaders must suddenly revert to the horrible methods of barbarism which appalled the world years ago and which recently seemed to have become the exclusive prerogative of the Nazis. Unless the secret reasons for the grotesque and farcical trial are overwhelmingly strong, it can only be concluded that the Soviet has made a criminal blunder.

THE centenary of Bret Harte's birth recalls for a moment a wide and ephemeral fame. Harte was a young man when all the New World was on the move for Sacramento and the gold of California, and it was his luck to be able to describe a little of what he saw. Few of those early pioneers were what you might call Men of Letters, and Harte's fame was correspondingly, and disproportionately, high. *The Outcasts of Poker Flat* was his most famous story, but a vast amount of what he wrote was repetitive trash.

A COUPLE of days ago I went to see, for the very first time in my life, a polo match. The sun was shining, the trees were a mass of dark-green leaves, the ground was an expanse of lovely turf. Opposite, on a wooded hill, was the splendid mass of Dunster Castle—for the game was being played on the field of the West Somerset Club. Two things impressed me—firstly, the incredible skill of the ponies in turning and twisting out of each other's way; and secondly, the queer contrast of the ancient English countryside and the ancient Persian game. In future I shall not have to rely upon *The Maltese Cat* for my after-dinner talk about polo. I shall be able to speak at first-hand, or thereabouts.

Mustapha El Nahas Pasha

Nahas Pasha, the Egyptian Prime Minister, signed, with twelve others of his delegation, the Treaty making Egypt a sovereign State, "bound to England by a close alliance"

THE cricket championship has seldom presented such a queer situation as it does this year. Three counties are in the running—Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, and, of course, the everlasting Yorkshire. These three have proved themselves away out in front of all the others. But when the crisis comes the three champions falter most dismally. Kent, without Freeman, have made mincemeat of Yorkshire. Notts struggle along with an occasional three points for a loss on the first innings, and Derbyshire's bowling is trounced by Northamptonshire, who have yet to win a match.

AS usual, the Boys' Golf Championship produced amazingly skilful play. These infant prodigies go marching round and round in par figures; they all seem to have about twenty clubs; their nerves are made of steel; and a lot of them wear the weirdest and most awe-inspiring clothes. Some of them look like what a Florida golf professional would look like if he had any imagination.

A VERY sinister report comes from the Magistrates' Committee in Glasgow. The Glasgow police have stated that it is quite useless to inflict fines upon convicted members of street gangs, because the gangsters simply intimidate small shopkeepers into forking out the cash. This is the first admitted appearance in this country of genuine racketeering, and the good folk of Glasgow will be surprised how quickly it will grow. The first step is extracting money for fines. The second, and logical, step is extracting money in any case, fines or not. Then comes the organisation of each street

and district and the regular collection of fixed amounts, and by that time a second New York City will be well on the way.

THE new stamps fill me with melancholy. I had hoped against hope for a change in the colour of the three-halfpenny. Of all the dismal, unattractive, shabby colours, that dingy reddish-brown wins every time. There are such opportunities for gaiety in stamps. In my youth the sight of Labuan's tigers, or Nigeria's handsome giraffes, or the Senegalese warriors sitting round a camp-fire, was enough to gladden any rainy day. It was too much to expect anything quite so exciting on our new stamps, but surely we could have had something a bit smarter in the colour line. One sighs for the days of the Farjeon song, "When the Penny Stamp Was Purple and the Halfpenny Stamp Was Red." As for the design, it is without any question the most hideous thing that has ever emerged from the Bœotian darkness of a Government department. And the final straw to the monstrosity is added by the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, who has elicited the fact that no artist was connected with, or consulted about, the whole affair. The design was left to the contracting printers. As Mr. Samuel Butler observed, "Oh, God! Oh, Montreal!"

THE agenda of the annual conference of the Socialist Party, which takes place next month, shows that the Socialists are in a pretty fair muddle about their own private policy. Some of them want to join with Communists and Liberals to make a "Popular Front." Others want the Communists without the Liberals, and others want vice-versa. And, of course, a great many stand pat on the pure doctrine of Socialism, undiluted and undefiled. I fancy the doctrinaires will win, and that the ultimate result will be just the same as if they had lost—i.e., nil.

THE signing, at long last, of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty is a very welcome feather in the otherwise almost entirely featherless cap of the Government's Foreign policy. It is probably true that Italy's assault upon Abyssinia made things very much easier for the Lion to lie down with the Sphinx than they otherwise would have been. Nevertheless, let us give credit where it is unquestionably due, and hand a bouquet to the Government. There is nothing like a few flowers to soften an atmosphere that is swirling with brick-bats.

THE season of Highland Games is in full swing and cabers are being tossed and pibrochs are being played from Oban to Inverness and from Aboyne to the Outer Hebrides. Mr. Seton Gordon, the famous naturalist and expert on pipe-music, says that there are probably more skilled pipers in Scotland to-day than there have ever been before, but that the standard is not so high as it was fifty years ago. There are few sights so picturesque as a Highland Gathering when the sun is shining and the tartan is making a brave show against the heathery mountains.

A. G. M.

MR. MACDONELL'S recent paragraphs (August 12th) about the Spanish Civil War have drawn a letter of protest from Captain the Hon. Henry Fitzalan-Howard, O.B.E. Although the BYSTANDER, while allowing its contributors every latitude, is not a political journal, we publish it herewith.

THE EDITOR, THE BYSTANDER,

August 13th, 1936.

DEAR SIR—Far be it that I wish to see the BYSTANDER publishing correspondence on politics. But I must protest against the comments of Mr. A. G. Macdonell in "The Passing Hour" à propos of the Civil War in Spain. He writes: "consider the advantage to the Fascist Powers of taking a hand in the game and helping the mutineer rebels," etc., etc. I ask Mr. Macdonell to consider the *disadvantage* to his own country if the Red Spanish Government win, and, with the help of Russia, and the connivance of the present Communist French Government, establish a solid Bolshevik block in Europe. He complains that the issue in Spain is being "most flagrantly confused" by the Press. On the contrary, to anybody possessed of any intelligence, the issue is perfectly plain, viz.: Some sort of ordered Government or International Communism. Mr. Macdonell is really rather naïve when he describes the present Spanish Government as being "entirely radical," and when he states that it did not include "a single Socialist or Communist." Nor did Kerensky's Government in Russia in 1917. It is surely obvious by now, that the so-called Spanish Government is and always has been dominated by Communist, not to say Anarchist, elements. Moreover, Mr. Macdonell's gibes at people who are disgusted at the Red atrocities, but do not "pop off and join a battalion of unarmed Christian Moors" reminds me of the kind of humour I enjoyed when I was at my private school! Maybe, Mr. Macdonell is a "Red" and the BYSTANDER a willing instrument of his propaganda. But if that is not so, I venture to suggest that your entertaining weekly should produce better informed and less biased comments on political events, or confine itself to Sport, Gossip and pictures of pretty women—at which it has earned such well-deserved popularity.

Yours faithfully,

H. E. FITZALAN-HOWARD.

Cinema News

Marie Tempest is seventy-two, Ignaz Paderewski is seventy-six, and they have embarked upon the leading rôles in a film together—Pall Mall's "Moonlight Sonata," now in production at Denham; Lothar Mendes (behind) is directing. In the film Paderewski plays the first movement of the sonata, a Chopin polonaise, a Schubert impromptu, and Liszt's second Hungarian Rhapsody

Theatre News: Rehearsing the Wilson-Coward "Mademoiselle"

John C. Wilson and Noel Coward are to present "Mademoiselle" on the fifteenth of this month at a theatre not yet announced. It is by Jacques ("Tovarich") Deval and has been translated and adapted by Audrey Carten and her sister Waveney (Mme. Vladimir Provatorov). Rehearsals started three weeks ago, and Noel Coward has been pretty busy at them, with an interval to act host to the south coast international air rally. He is seen in the picture with the three leading ladies, Madge Titheradge, Isabel Jeans and Greer Garson

A Great Wagnerian at Home

Herr Lauritz Melchior and His Wife

So far Herr Lauritz Melchior has specialised almost exclusively in Wagner rôles. He was Siegfried in "The Ring" cycle and Tristan—a part he has sung in sixteen opera houses and under twenty-two conductors—at Covent Garden this year. But now there are rumours that he will take the Verdi part Othello at the Metropolitan Opera, New York, next season. A Dane by birth, Melchior's success in Wagner is partly due to his sympathy with the "heroic ideal"—he is a great hunter in private life, retires to his home for three months every year, gives himself up to his charming wife, his gun and his dogs (the one in the picture is called Skoad) and refuses to sing a note. His Siegfried costumes are made from deer shot and skinned by himself. Fru Melchior, who is always known as Kleinchen, met her husband first when she parachuted into his back garden

Tea-Party in a Tram

Mr. Cecil Beaton was the host of the tea-party in the tram, which stands in the garden of Ashcombe, his Wiltshire house. Round the table are Princesse Jean de Faucigny-Lucinge, Mr. Cecil Beaton, Mr. Charles James, Mr. Oliver Messel (whose set designs will be seen in "Romeo and Juliet" at His Majesty's this autumn), Mr. Wright Ludington, Miss Olga Lynn, Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith and the Hon. Tom Mitford, Lord Redesdale's only son

The Countess of Seafield and Mr. Studley-Herbert

The Countess of Seafield and her husband, Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, were photographed on the terrace of Cullen House, Banffshire, one of Lady Seafield's two Scottish homes — the other is Castle Grant, in Morayshire. She married Mr. Studley-Herbert in 1930; he was in the Grenadier Guards

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

WHEN the King's visit to Cannes was cancelled, Miss Maxine Elliott hospitably telegraphed to all her usual visitors asking them to stay.

Mr. Michael Renshaw, one of the lucky ones, leaves this week, travelling viâ Austria, where he will first put in a week with Mr. "Chips" and Lady Honor Channon at the lovely schloss they have taken for the summer.

Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith is off to Freiburg for ten days, and thence to Venice.

Mr. Rupert Bellville, seen in London last week, was undecided whether to spend the last days of summer in Scotland, in Bembridge with his father, or in his beloved Spain, where he has already paid two hazardous visits since "the trouble" began.

A Fair Brunette

FROM all accounts, the new Lady Doughty-Tichborne has won all hearts since her home-coming last week.

She is best described as a fair brunette, very pretty, very young and with delightful manners.

When she and her youthful husband arrived home from their honeymoon, villagers towed their motor-car up the long drive from the gates to the house, and drowned them in confetti.

On Saturday last, the tenants were entertained to lunch in an enormous tent, and Sir Anthony and his bride both made charming speeches.

Members of the house-party to welcome the young couple included Colonel Greville, Captain Tolly Wingfield, Mr. Lewis Civval and Mr. and Mrs. Esmond Baring. The Dowager Lady Tichborne has now gone out to Carqueiranne to stay with Mr. Arthur de Lissa at his lovely villa there.

To Fly, or Not to Fly?

FLYING to Deauville for La Grande Semaine last week-end led to sundry arguments for and against the air. For instance, when Mr. Anthony Hornby, Lord Manton and several others started off early on Friday morning (by air), they eventually arrived at Deauville on Saturday morning by boat, having made two attempts to cross the Channel and been forced back to Southampton by thick fog.

They could have left by sea and land on Friday afternoon and got there at the same time!

On the other hand, on the return journey, Mr. Hornby left Deauville at seven-thirty p.m. and dined in his own country house just two hours later.

An Outsider at 28 to 1!

AMATEUR success is always slightly irritating to the hard-working professional, and never more so than on a race-course.

When people who study form, live by racing, and know the real inside dope by heart lose on every race during the afternoon, the amateur idiot gets the tote double and an outsider in the last race at twenty-eight to one!

This happened last Saturday at Hurst to some friends of ours, and the poor amateur was made to feel in very deep disgrace by her friends "who knew," and who were gaily putting their shirts, in the form of ponies and monkeys, on the wrong animals.

Apart from all this bitterness, Lady Worthington was the best-dressed woman there, in a dark-blue skirt and hat, short yellow jacket and a yellow carnation in her buttonhole.

A Profitable Two Nights

APROPOS of the small gambling at Cannes and Monte Carlo that we mentioned last week, we hear that the arrival of Lord Queensberry, Mr. John Hallett and Sir Adrian and Lady Baillie in the latter's yacht Eros at Monte Carlo for two nights sent the baccarat stakes whizzing up, Mr. Hallett's brief visit proving eminently satisfactory. He is due to sail for New York on his return from his present holiday, which he started by going to the Olympic Games.

Stars in the Making

WE heard of Miss Miki Hood during Berlin's athletic session. She is a very beautiful girl who has been photographed

Deauville Snapshot

Lord Beaverbrook was evidently not dressed for the foreshore when the photographer met him at Deauville, but Lady Weymouth was. More pictures of the Deauville season are on pages 416-417

York Racegoers

Mr. Pat Graham (Lady Graham's son) went to York Races with Miss Ursula Lascelles, and saw Mr. Thornton-Smith's three-year-old colt, Penny Royal, win the Ebor Handicap by 1½ lengths from the favourite, Valerius

Lenare

Engagement of the Week

Miss Camilla Russell, the only daughter of Russell Pasha and Mrs. Russell, of Cairo, Egypt, has announced her engagement to Christopher Hugh Sykes. He is the late Sir Mark and Lady Sykes' second son, and brother of Sir Richard Sykes, Bt.

thousands and thousands of times for every kind of advertisement, and whose potential value as a film star seems at last to have been recognised.

Mr. Teddy Underdown, too, we hear, has signed a worth-while three-year contract with Mr. Korda. He goes to America with Noel Coward's repertory company in October for a season in New York and a tour of the States.

If Mr. Underdown had shown himself in Hollywood without that contract in his pocket, British producers might have been kicking themselves when it was too late. You will see.

More than One Stroke!

At Le Touquet everyone seems to have been enjoying themselves in spite of bad weather. A golf match between stars of different worlds and generations was one that took place between Lady Dudley and Diana Fishwick. When Miss Fishwick asked Lady Dudley to play, she, flattered and frightened, replied, " But I should have a stroke," to which the golfing star replied, " I 'll give you more than one ! "

The Honourable Eddie Ward has lately been staying with his stepmother at the Châlet du Bois.

Stentorian Greetings

A word of warning to any of you who may be flat- or house-hunting. Avoid, like the plague, any building that is near the goods entrance of a hotel or restaurant.

Huge blocks of ice, barrels of beer, cases of bottles and heaven knows what else are delivered around seven a.m., and as Bill and George exchange stentorian greetings, they fling their goods about with unbelievable noise and energy.

Perhaps it is because they resent being out and about so early themselves, that they make this determined attack on any nearby slumberers, but as we endure similar surroundings ourselves, this warning should be taken seriously.

Charm of an ex-Deb

Lunching at Quaglino's one day last week we saw Lady Queensberry and her sister, Mrs. Archie Macdonell (wife of that very witty author), with their father, Mr. Harrington Mann.

On the same day the Yuvaraja of Mysore was entertaining a party of young film stars, including Joan Gardner, who stayed in Mysore when filming in *Elephant Boy*.

That same evening the Yuvaraja was the guest of honour at a large party given by Mr. Carl Bendix at the Savoy. Others at the party included Miss Heather Thatcher, in ice-blue satin and a pleated cape to match, Mrs. Michael Portman, in black and white spotted muslin, Sir Anthony Weldon and Mr. Eddie Fitz-Clarence.

Miss Diana Hatry, an ex-deb possessed of singular poise and charm, wore a white brocade dress, and impressed us with her delicious sense of humour.

Lord and Lady Poulett were dining à deux at the Savoy that night, and Mr. Frank Rediker, just back from Salzburg and Budapest, put in a brief appearance at supper-time.

Night Life

The " Four Hundred " is so full these out-of-season nights that one wonders what will happen when the " Little Season " begins.

The sight of Lord and Lady Plunket with Miss Bishop and Mr. Jim Lawrence, Lady Jersey, in a dark satin dress, and a Korda film group consisting of Vivien Leigh, Flora Robson, and Mr. Howard, the famous Hollywood director, keeps us glued to our seats so late that nothing matters.

Then Peggy Hopkins Joyce, in a Cossack hat and fur-trimmed coat, arrives and has a few things to say about her own countrymen in *this* country when they are going out and going on ! MISS PEEPS

Northward Ho !

Miss Charmian Fane, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Fane's daughter, and Lady Ann Villiers, Lord Jersey's younger sister, were at the Gleneagles Hotel. They both came out in '34, and go about together a lot

Star and Producer

Paula Wessely wears the local costume, but Professor Max Reinhardt is dressed more internationally. He produced Salzburg's two plays, Goethe's "Faust" and von Hofmannsthal's "Everyman," and comes over here to put on Sir John Martin-Harvey's "Œdipus Rex" at Covent Garden this autumn. Paula Wessely played Gretchen in "Faust"

Conductor and Star

Signor Arturo Toscanini is to Salzburg music what Reinhardt is to the drama; he made musical history with his direction of "Falstaff" and "Die Meistersinger." Here he is seen with Lotte Lehmann (Eva in "Die Meistersinger") and his griffon Pitiu

Music in the Air

The Festival Spirit at Salzburg

Dr. Wiethe and Signorina Dusolina Giannini

Two more exponents of the ubiquitous and charming local "Tracht"—Dr. Camillo Wiethe and Signorina Dusolina Giannini, the soprano of the Mozart cycle. Dr. Wiethe is the official doctor and unofficial patron saint of all the singers taking part in the festival

Mlle. Chaliapin and Count Felix Schaffgotsche

Mlle. Marina Chaliapin, the daughter of the great singer and actor, Feodor Chaliapin, is with Count Felix Schaffgotsche, whom the camera has made almost a double of Prince Starhemberg; both in correct Salzburg wear—cockaded hat and short, full-sleeved dress

Lubricating the Larynx

Charles Kullmann, the American tenor who made a big success under Toscanini's baton as Walther in "Die Meistersinger," swears by raw eggs for voice production, and often swallows three or four between acts

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 36

Frederick George Miles

FREDERICK GEORGE MILES is the most brilliant designer of civil aircraft in Great Britain, specialising in low-wing monoplanes. These he started building in a corner of Charles Powis's aerodrome near Reading, aided by his wife and an old man named Hull. The first fruits of his brain was the original Miles "Hawk." It cost £350, and within a week of the trial flight on March 31st, 1932, fifty-three different pilots had obtained permission to go up in it, with the idea of purchasing a similar machine. Which they did. In the first year seventy-five orders were given. In the following year Tommy Rose made his come-back in a "Hawk Major," being second in the King's Cup. Immediately afterwards another "Hawk Major" was first of the single-engine machines to reach Australia in the centenary race, and Brook broke the record on his return flight in a Miles "Falcon." Whereupon, last year, Miles machines filled the first three places in the King's Cup and everything was lovely in the garden. Since then Tommy Rose broke the existing record to Cape Town and back in another Miles machine, and then was second in the 1936 King's Cup.

But what sort of a man is the designer of the Miles "Hawk," Miles "Falcon," Miles "Merlin," Miles "Peregrine," Miles "Sparrowhawk," Miles "Mo-Hawk," and Miles "Straight"? Well, he was born at Portslade, near Brighton. His father owned a mechanical laundry, and he himself, at the age of three, put a gas engine right when the foreman had failed to discover the fault.

AT the age of thirteen he ran away from home, ran a cinema, bought and sold motor-cars, and only returned home when he was penniless. Then he started to design aeroplanes before he could fly, and bought his first machine for a five-pound note. It was a Northrop Bomber of a Grahame-White type, and in order to get it into the air he had to patch the rudder with the bright mauve apron of a local waitress. He stayed up ten minutes. His first official solo was on an Avro. Since then he has flown sixty-four different types of machine, and at the age of thirty-three has two thousand hours to his credit. To-day his immediate ambition is to produce a machine capable of a regular Transatlantic service. It would be three thousand horse-power, with accommodation for twenty-four people, a cruising speed of 250-300 m.p.h., a landing speed of sixty m.p.h., and a wing-span of one hundred feet.

Blond, blue-eyed, quiet, 11 stone 2, 5 feet 11, with dominant thumbs and the nickname of "Chips," Miles now employs four hundred people, never smokes, likes sweets and gangster films, is a first-class cook, never drinks when he flies, spends all his time building aeroplanes now that he has given up boxing, hates driving a car, is crazy about his wife—the former Blossom Forbes-Robertson—whom he describes as nine-tenths of the firm, has just taken an order for 200 aeroplanes from Whitney Straight, and has designed Colonel Lindbergh's latest aeroplane—the Flying Caravan.

Charles Graves

Victorian Posies

Jolly fine boatin' weather! Warren Jenkins and Bruce Carfax

Masher superbus and his dilly-darling: George Benson and Gertrude Musgrove

"The Two Bouquets"
(Ambassadors)

PRESENT-DAY audiences find the Victorian period very much to their taste. Perhaps some of us are old enough to remember those prim and simple days, and the youngest of us has seen the family albums and heard with pained surprise of the restrictions of social life in those far-off days; but we all owe these forbears of ours a debt of gratitude, as it is very doubtful whether we shall give future generations the same pleasurable interest and amusement that they afford us.

Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon have imbued their little comedy with the right spirit from first to last. The old tunes, delightfully orchestrated by Ernest Irving, are well chosen, and the new words witty and apposite. Their story concerns the Gill family—Papa, Mamma, son, daughter, and niece, each member of the cast being precisely labelled in the programme—an old fashioned custom, but very helpful in getting the characters clearly placed. What could be more intriguing than the information that Patty Moss is an actress secretly married to Edward, or the indictment of Bella Manchester as a "fast girl"?

A dance is being given in the Gills' desirable residence at Twickenham, and Edward Gill, a very gay young sprig, is deputed by his two friends, Julian and Albert, to hand to his sister Kate and his cousin Laura bouquets containing written declarations of love. But Edward, having acquired the party spirit by means of many drinks, unfortunately reverses his instructions, and the girls, being good little Victorian maidens, anxious to oblige their parents by finding husbands, immediately resign themselves to their fate and as, of course, a discussion and explanation would be extremely indelicate, they all find themselves embarrassingly engaged to the wrong person. The rest of the play revolves round the clearing-up of this misunderstanding and the intrigues of Edward who, notwithstanding his secret marriage, has great fun in the gazebo with that fast girl Bella.

Proud papa (Frederick Ranalow) tells the world that mamma (Joyce Barbour) is in an interesting condition

Sketches by Rouson

TOO little is seen and heard of Frederick Ranalow, who plays Mr. Gill with admirable humour. He should have more opportunities for using his fine voice. Joyce Barbour, as Mrs. Gill, gets every ounce out of the part, which she plays with such vigour that she appears to forget her spouse's admonishment to remember "what is going to happen in December." Gertrude Musgrove as Patty Moss, the actress, succeeds in putting just that something into the character which makes her performance exceptionally good. George Benson must be happy in the part of Edward. He plays it delightfully, as though he enjoys every word, particularly his flow of execrable French, which is a happy touch thoroughly characteristic of the artless humour of the period. Of the two pairs of lovers, eventually disentangled, Bruce Carfax and Adelaide Stanley have better opportunities and material than Warren Jenkins and Edith Lee; all four sing well.

THE play is greatly indebted to the producer, Maxwell Wray, who, with Philip Gough as designer of the setting and dresses, has given a sprightly and congruous picture of 1875. The dances, too, are effective, and well adapted to the small stage by Quentin Todd. All told, this is a light-hearted and enjoyable evening's entertainment.

London Seems a Long Way Away

Et in Arcadiâ Nos

Lord and Lady Poulett in Somersetshire

Lord and Lady Poulett chose their estate at Hinton St. George, Somerset, as a retreat from August London. Hinton House has been in the family since the first and royalist Lord Poulett was made a peer by grateful Charles I.; it is a large, rambling building, with a window for every day in the year. Countess Poulett was Oriel Ross before her marriage in the Spring of '35, and she has no intentions of giving up her stage career

Photographs by Swaebe

Twentieth-Century Chloë

Ancient Frame to Modern Picture

Lenare

Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell and Francis

Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell's second son was born less than a year ago and christened Francis Trajan, with the Duchess of Westminster and his poetess aunt, Edith Sitwell, among the godparents. His clever and attractive mother was Georgia Doble (she is Frances Doble's sister) before she married the younger of Sir George Reresby Sitwell's brilliant sons. Sacheverell Sitwell's newest book is announced for October 1st and rumoured to be long and autobiographical. It was to be called *Internal Adventures*, but now the title is fixed as *Dance of the Quick and the Dead*, and Barnet Freedman is designing a wrapper. The Sacheverell Sitwells' elder boy is called Reresby, after his grandfather

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

HAVING ventured to suggest very shyly the other day that Social Credit is not an economic movement but a brand-new modern religion—like Buchmanism, but much less jolly—we 're surprised and gratified to find ourselves supported in this belief by (a) the *Times* in a leading article, and (b) a statement by a British Social Credit official explaining that though they despise Fascist terrorism, "we are revolutionists in the true sense of the term." We gathered that much, actually, from the fact that a platoon of Social Credit Greenshirts, male and female, marched to Trafalgar Square the other Sunday and demonstrated, with a mixed mob of Communists, Socialists, and other reds and pinks, in favour of the anti-Christian cause in Spain. "Fine young fellows," said the *Express* in its own chaste English, referring to the Greenshirt force, "and the young women who march with them are pretty good lookers, too."

Nobody has yet explained why chaps have to wear green shirts and march in military formation to proclaim a monetary theory as yet unproved in practice. That doesn't worry us so much as the fact that although they 're economic experts — we 've talked a lot with them—there are very curious gaps in their knowledge, apparently. We asked one authoritative Greenshirt if he 'd ever read Aquinas on Usury. He thought we were referring to a mineral water. We asked him further if he 'd ever heard of another acknowledged masterpiece of Christian economic statement called *Rerum Novarum*. He said rather sniffily he 'd never heard Ramon Novarro was an economist, and he never went to the pictures, anyway.

Brawl

PROCEEDINGS under the Public Worship Acts of 1868 are, we learn, likely to be taken against those members of the public who barracked the two Elliotts, C. and H., for excessively slow play in the Sussex v. Derbyshire match at Eastbourne. The Elliotts, acting under instructions from the Ordinary, took about three hours—or was it days?—to make 38. Finding the service overlong, several worshippers in the pavilion audibly objected, those who weren't dumb, and were severely rebuked by the Rev. Canon Hendren, umpire. They didn't seem to realise that the longer and duller and drearier and stupider and more agonisingly silly cricket is, the more it is cricket.

There will undoubtedly be a flood of correspondence about this in the *Times*, especially from prelates of the Establishment, whose simple duties appear to afford ample leisure for writing to that Organ of Opinion. Lately, we observe, the bishops have been chiefly agitated about cyclists on the roads. We 've been waiting to see if they were at all interested in the death of the eighty-one-year-old Bishop of Jaen in Spain, who was drenched with petrol by the Reds the other day and set alight, as reported by the *Times* correspondent, who is reliable. They weren't, for various reasons, but we bet this cricket scandal at Eastbourne will set a few episcopal pens working overtime. Coming on top of a report that the Reds have burned down the pavilion of the British Cricket Club at Barcelona and kicked the hon. secretary twice in the pants, it is an outrage on morals hardly to be passed over in silence.

Sahib

KOVAL, the Parisian actor, who has just died, impersonated Englishmen with, on the whole, remarkable accuracy. He didn't caricature, he studied. There was an American actress—we forget her name—who used to play Englishwomen very amusingly for Sacha Guitry and other playwrights, but her job was relatively simple, since a certain type of raffish American female abroad resembles a certain type of raffish British female abroad exactly, and speaks the same kind of French. Koval could represent a type of sahib successfully because he was much the same type himself; which leads one (if you are still attending) to the obvious remark that there 's no such thing as a standard national type. The calm, stolid French and the nervous, excitable English, the wiry, gesticulating German and the heavy, laconic Italian—every traveller who leaves the shelter of the Ritz in any capital and plunges into the interior has observed them sooner or later. If you want to see the traditional dogged square-jawed stocky John Bull you often find him in the clothes of a Norman farmer, and we 've met him in the mercurial South as well. This would grieve the dons who exalt the Sacred Nordic Type above Mediterranean scum, but happily for themselves, dons don't get about much.

"Are you wearing your tie at me, sir?"

Half-a-dozen West End actors can impersonate

the English sahib admirably, but in our opinion the flower of all is Ronald Colman. That brave, wistful, twisted smile in the face of tremendous odds; that haunting gaze into the immeasurable Beyond; that shy, strong, quiet manipulation of the straightest of bats—this is the type which (they say) has made us what we are. In cold truth a lot of the best work for the Empire has been done by neurotic little men jumping about like frenzied jacks-in-the-box and capable de tout, as Voltaire said of Habukkuk, but they never get into the spotlight, somehow.

White Manx Burden

THE Grand Bard of Cornwall—Mr. R. M. Nance, as you know—appealed the other day for more teaching of the Cornish language to school-children, thus bringing Cornwall into line, in a way (so to speak), with the rest of the Celtic nations, always excluding the dim and dubious Manx, who don't seem to give a damn for their heritage. Having produced a tail-less cat as their contribution to Pan-Celtic self-assertion, they lie back exhausted, deeming that this lets them out; but does it?

A Scottish Nationalist we once met was very bitter about the Manx. As he said, after the Irish, the Bretons, and the Scots (he put them in different order), the three Celtic branches which count in the world and in history, there is a wide abyss. The Welch (recently described by the terrible Caradoc Evans as a nation of performers on the penny whistle) head the minor or ineffectual group, with the Cornish next and the Manx nowhere at all. "Just a suburb of Manchester," said this Scots critic harshly. "A blot on the Celtic name. If they exist in anybody's mind at all, it's because Arnold Bennett once took a day-trip to Douglas." We murmured the name of Hall Caine. He said Hall Caine was worthy of them, which we didn't understand. He was for purging the Celtic family of them.

Obviously the Manx will have to pull their socks up and begin learning their language, if there still is one. If the worst comes to the worst, they can always call in some German philologist, who's bound to know it.

As We Like It

THE treatment of the new Bergner film, *As You Like It*, having been suggested by Sir James Barrie, we're on tippety-toe to see it. Rosalind is the most delicious of Shakespeare's—it's a Shakespeare film—heroines, and there are practically bound to be fairies, and possibly birdies with an ache in their tiny heart as well. As a matter of fact, there's one good Barrie line in the original play already, and lots of German critics have had headaches over it. Somebody asks Orlando "How high is she?" and Orlando, going roguey, replies: "Just as high as my heart!" Dr. Rottmacher, of Leipsic, has a long appendix on this, establishing that Rosalind was not more than four feet high and probably less, according to the way she did her hair. Just an elf, in fact, which should be okay with Miss Bergner and inspire lots of archy-warchy and deedlesomeness.

An old theatre-goer tells us this question of size was the only flaw in Ellen Terry's Rosalind; she was ravishing, but, if he remembers rightly, too large. Junos were the fashion in those days. Big girls swished statuesquely about the stage, all frou-frou and fulsomry, and the misunderstood butterfly wives were all Old Roedean girls. The vogue for very tiny actresses began during the Great War, transport costs having suddenly loomed. In one Vaudeville war-time revue, we remember, a dear little elfin thing fell over the footlights into a trombone by mistake and was not discovered till the National Anthem, peeping coyly out of the nozzle and making eyes at the Staff. Her name we forget. At parties she would sip her drink from an acorn-cup, laughing like distant fairy bells. People soon got tired of that.

"Egad, Vicar, your wife was born to the saddle!"

Down Memory Lane

HAPPENING to be natives of Westland during the recent manœuvres in Sussex, we kept an interested, if rheumy, eye on the troops at intervals, half-expecting to find them still advancing over open country by alternate rushes, the method of infantry training which proved so valuable in the last war. We didn't actually catch 'em at it—as the Westminster Abbey verger said of the two tourists discovered at prayer—from which we conjectured that the War Office is moving with the times and about abreast now of the Boer War; for in the autumn of 1914, so far as we recollect, we were forming hollow squares, as at Waterloo. Very vividly the memories of those brave days rose up as we watched the troops. We lived under canvas all that bitter winter in a sea of mud, practising the infantry evolutions of the Peninsular War under senile N.C.O.s, devouring half-raw messes cooked by solicitors and dustmen who

"Edgar, you finish up that caviar if you have to sit here till 3!"

had never seen a ladle brandished in anger, and, a little later, learning the mechanism of machine-guns from dainty wooden models. Manœuvres were a pleasure, because nobody ever knew what was going on, or where, or why, until an umpire said (rather dubiously) we were out of action; which was good for one's bridge, wet as everything was. In this way we flourished and did not die, and went to France knowing a great deal of military science, in spite of an ex-cavalry brigadier who despised us thoroughly. One war-time regret remains—if we 'd had enough social pull to get on Sir John French's Staff we might have been good pianists by now.

All these memories, and many more, came to us during the Eastland-Westland war the other day; and catching a glimpse of brass-hats at their work, we wondered mildly which of them is due before long to perpetrate a fresh Passchendaele and retire loaded with honours and his country's gratitude.

Dumb Friend

EVERY now and again in these puzzling times we jolly humans, accustomed to blazing away merrily at some animal or bird for fun or profit, learn to our amazement that the species is nearly extinct and has to be protected. The latest, we read the other day, is the whale. Modern methods of massacring the whale are so exact and destructive that a thousand whales have been killed by one company's five boats in four months. Hence alarm, and the possibility of an international close season.

The modern harpoon, which has an explosive charge in its head and is fired from a gun, seems a pretty cowardly way of fighting whales compared with the old one. The brawny harpooners of the Moby Dick period would scoff at it as effeminate. Now the machine has conquered, and before long, as things are going, a little laughing actress will be able to touch an ivory button in the Dorchester and blow a school of whales off Greenland to smithereens.

Talking of which, we 've heard a curious story. As you know, the Old Testament account of Jonah has been vindicated in modern times—there *are* whales which can swallow a man. A publisher we know, cruising recently in his yacht, fell, or was pushed by an actress, into the sea. A whale swallowed him and instantly threw up, like a child at a party, returning him to the surface, where a school of sharks perceived him and scattered in all directions. His cries brought many guests from the saloon bar, where they had been gaily toasting the little actress. As they debated, leaning over the side, whether to save him or not, a big wave landed him on deck again, safe, sound, and ready to rob once more. That, under Providence, is the curious part of the story.

Tailpiece

THE latest bit of hot Marxian news is that Harpo Marx, the blond overman with the hair, has been invited by Otto Klemperer to play with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra at the Hollywood Bowl. It seems that although Harpo Marx can't read music and is unorthodox in style, he is a fine harpist. What is perhaps more, he can make better faces at the audience than any serious musician alive. That 's how Jenny Lind began. Her best-known aria, first sung before Queen Victoria at Windsor in 1856, at the age of sixteen, was a deathly flop till she came to the line " Corblimey, O'Riley, you *are* doing well! " She then made such a horrible face that all the Court officials said she ought to go on the stage. " I don't mind if I do," confessed the girl shyly—concealing, like the artist she was, the fact that she had a pain. She did, too. **D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

"Look, fellers—clean hankie!"

Films of the Day

Capra's Brilliance: "Horn-pypes and Funeralls": By George Campbell

THE best film of the week—the best film of the year, unless things look up a bit—is *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, the latest Frank Capra production, starring Gary Cooper. A remarkable young fellow, this Capra; his career would make a movie in itself. He was born in an Italian slum, cleared out to America at the age of eleven, and worked at anything and everything until he gained a foothold in Hollywood. He showed promise as a scenario writer, graduated through cutting and editing to making pictures, and is now the world's ace director.

There are men who make more artistic pictures than Capra, men whose productions click pretty regularly at the box-office. Nobody else, in the last three or four years, has shown the same unerring flair for making the best of both worlds—pleasing both the connoisseurs and the proletariat. *Forbidden* made Barbara Stanwyck a star and gave Adolphe Menjou the best rôle he had had since Chaplin's bitter tonic masterpiece, *A Woman of Paris*. *Lady for a Day* was a brilliant gangster satire, a fundamentally sentimental story redeemed by the wittiest of dialogue and a score of ingenious twists. *It Happened One Night* is too familiar to need praise—a perfect example of a commonplace formula story given quality by the sheer virtuosity of Robert Risken's writing and Capra's direction.

Now *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* establishes a new high level even for Mr. Capra. Here is American comedy at its best—broad and universal enough to convey something to Wigan and Johannesburg and Sydney, subtle enough to please the few for whom the cinema is something more than a chance to hold hands discreetly in the darkness. A country poet (Gary Cooper) inherits millions, goes to a big city, finds himself front-page news, and falls in love with a slick young newspaper woman (Jean Arthur). He is mocked, deluded, swindled. Disillusioned with the city grafters, he decides to give his money to the unemployed, at which eccentric proceeding an attempt is made to have him declared insane. It would not be fair to reveal the twists in the diverting court scene by which the outwardly simple young hero establishes his sanity, disconcerts his enemies, and contrives to deliver many a shrewd thrust at pompous complacency. I will merely urge that *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* should be seen and delighted in, even if you have to sell the perambulator, pawn your wife's ring from a former fiancé and make whatever other sacrifice a strong man may endure.

"Accused" Has Its Première Next Monday Week

"Accused" is the British film in which Dolores del Rio stars with Douglas Fairbanks, jr., and Florence Desmond. It's a back-stage murder drama, has just been finished at Isleworth by Criterion Films (young Fairbanks' company), was produced by Marcel Hellmann and directed by Thornton Freeland, who made Dolores del Rio's "Flying Down to Rio" and Criterion's first-born, "The Amateur Gentleman." "Accused" is to have a gala world première at the London Pavilion on Monday, 14th, and Criterion Films have arranged that all takings from this show shall go to the Institute of Journalists' Pensions Fund

IF you take the cinema seriously—and I am proud to confess I do—there is nothing more irritating, or amusing, according to one's temperament, than the smug superiority of the average man of the theatre. In part, of course, this attitude is defensive, dictated by fear of a wealthier, more progressive, more glamorous, enormously popular rival. But there are some people who are honestly too unimaginative, too impervious to ideas, to realise that this century has seen the rise of a new industry which is also a new art of profound social and cultural importance.

To these I commend *Film and Theatre*, by Allardyce Nicoll (Harrap; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Nicoll, formerly Professor of English Language and Literature at the University of London and now Professor of History of Drama and Dramatic Criticism at Yale University, can hardly be accused of bias in favour of the cinema. His training naturally inclines him towards the older art. It is all the more significant that he finds the present position of the cinema roughly analogous to that of the Elizabethan theatre. Then, too, a new art was in its youth—often crude, sometimes silly, but now and then inspired. It is perfectly true that ninety-nine films out of every hundred are æsthetically valueless. So, probably, were the great majority of Elizabethan and Jacobean plays. Just as supercilious critics lament the output of vulgar trash from the film studios, so we find Sir Philip Sidney writing bitterly of "our Tragedies, and Comedies (not without cause cried out against), observing rules, neyther of honest civilitie, nor of skilfull Poetrie." He attacked contemporary plays, "violent change of scene and constant bustle, their fantastic plots and their extended action"—all complaints now made against the screen. He marvelled:

> how all theyr Playes be neither right Tragedies, nor right Comedies; mingling Kings and Clownes, not because the matter so carrieth it; but thrust in Clownes by head and shoulders, to play a part in majesticall matters, with neither decencie, nor discretion . . . So falleth it out, that having indeed no right Comedy, in that comicall part of our Tragedie, we have nothing but scurrility, unworthy of any chaste eares; or some extreame shew of doltishness, indeed fit to lift up a loude laughter, and nothing els.

TO-DAY film-craft suffers from precisely the same habit of mixing "Horn-pypes and Funeralls," only we call it comic relief; now and then we are inflicted with a touch of scurrility, though it is a fact that the stage has infinitely more freedom in word, action and theme than the screen; and nobody can deny the "extreame shew of doltishness," even if the criticism comes badly from people who see something admirable (because traditional) in the coarser witlessness and loutish laughter-raising that so often disfigures music-halls, stage farces and pantomimes.

But don't let all this rubbish and frenzied money-making obscure the fact that a new art form is being evolved. *Gorboduc* in its day was esteemed by some superior fellows above *Hamlet*. Only such critical myopia can explain failure to recognise the actual achievement in *The Informer*, *Maskerade*, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, and (in the silent days) *White Shadows in the South Seas* and *Vaudeville*. Only complete lack of imagination can blind one to the exciting possibilities in maturity of a medium that can produce such magic in its youth.

Mr. Wells Returns to Leicester Square

"The Man Who Could Work Miracles"

Ada Price, Shop Assistant (Joan Gardner)

George McWhirter Fotheringay, Miracle-Worker (Roland Young)

Colonel Winstanley, Choleric Old Soldier (Ralph Richardson)

The Man Who Could Work Miracles is an adaptation of H. G. Wells' fantastic story of the little draper's assistant who suddenly finds that miracles "come natural" to him, and stops the very earth going round the sun before the three celestial beings who suddenly gave him the power (as an experiment) take it away again. This is a grand part for Roland Young, who deserted Hollywood to play it. Joan Gardner (last seen in the Gigli film) is the superior-shop-assistant heroine, Ada Price, whom Mr. Fotheringay soon turns into an Egyptian beauty. Ralph Richardson is leader of the opposition to miracle-working as a peppery old die-hard colonel. Ernest Thesiger has also a leading part. Lothar Mendes directed the picture, which is a London Films one and is now being shown at the Leicester Square Theatre

Anthony

Lubov Tchernichova in "Thamar"

Tchernichova appears in only two ballets of the de Basil repertoire: as Zobeïde in *Scheherazade* and as the Queen in *Thamar*. But in both these rôles she gives performances that no other dancer of to-day could equal in dramatic tensity and splendid characterisation. She took both rôles for Diaghileff, retired when he died, and only re-appeared in them last year at Covent Garden. She holds a most important position in the de Basil company, not only on account of her great talents, but because of the vast experience of her career, the link she provides between the famous Maryinsky school and the young dancers of to-day, and her gifts as a teacher and ballet-mistress. In private life she is Mme. Grigorieff, the wife of Serge Grigorieff, de Basil's régisseur-général

Norman Parkinson

Stage Mother and Daughter—Mary and Anne Clare

Do you remember (you could hardly forget) Jane Marryot in *Cavalcade*? The part was written for Mary Clare and was one of the best of her sequence of motherly parts. Others have been the shut-eye chaperon in *The Midshipmaid*, Léa in *Chéri*, and Mme. Elspeth in *The Wise Woman*. And now her latest maternal triumph is in Rodney Ackland's *After October*, a play which goes to America—strange coincidence—in October; she plays Rhoda Monkhams, mother of the family whose jam is always to-morrow. Mary Clare is a mother off-stage too; her seventeen-year-old daughter Anne is a Cochran protégée, and was in *Follow the Sun*. Mary Clare has also appeared in films (*Lorna Doone* and *Passing of the Third-Floor Back*); is Mrs. L. Mawhood in private life, and lives in Essex at Little Warley Hall

Film Fan's Galaxy

The Big Pictures Come to Town

Fredric March as Bothwell and Katharine Hepburn as the Queen in "Mary of Scotland"

Gary Cooper as Longfellow Deeds and Jean Arthur as Babe in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"

Mary of Scotland is the spectacular Hollywood (Radio) version of the tragedy of Mary Stuart. Katharine Hepburn plays the Queen and makes her downfall due to the fact that she was "a woman first, a Queen second," and Fredric March gives a gentlemanly turn to the blackguardly character of James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. The scenario was adapted by Dudley Nichols from Maxwell Anderson's fine play in verse; John Forman *(The Informer)* directed, and the film went to the Empire last Friday ***Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*** has been acclaimed as the film of the month, if not the year. Brilliant Frank Capra *(It Happened One Night)* directed, and his clever handling of Gary Cooper's wistful charm has placed him in line with Clair and Chaplin as film-makers who appeal to sense as well as senses. Cooper gives a spirited performance as the country poet who inherits millions and Jean Arthur stands by him in the ensuing trouble. *Mr. Deeds* is at the Regal ***East Meets West,*** the Gaumont-British film from Shepherd's Bush at the New Gallery, puts George Arliss into yet another majestic part—this time as the Sultan of Tunatra. Lucie Mannheim (in the picture with him) is the heroine; she will be seen at the New Theatre this month in *Girl Unknown,* her first play since her success in *Nina.* Romney Brent, the star of *Three Men on a Horse,* and Godfrey Tearle are also in *East Meets West,* which Herbert Mason directed

Right: Arliss in Wonderland ("East Meets West")

Norman Parkinson

Harvest

"The Golden Pomp is Come"—*Herrick*

Howard Coster, London

Ray Henderson—Modern Folk-Song Writer

Of the songs that you hum in your bath or tap your feet to beside the radiogram, how many could you put a composer's name to? Not many, probably; but supposing you could, Ray Henderson's name would appear large in the list. This honoured position as composer of "Sonny Boy," "Birth of the Blues," "You're the Cream in My Coffee," and "Button Up Your Overcoat" was only reached after a heterogeneous musical career. Henderson has taught music, clerked at a music shop, played piano in jazz bands and vaudeville, been a music publisher and a church organist. But soon his flair for catchy melody and rhythm was jumped at by the agencies, and his songs went round the world. He has co-produced and composed for films and stage shows, too; examples are *Sunny Side Up*, *Good News* and *Hold Everything*, and his latest is Felix Ferry's *Transatlantic Rhythm*, the mammoth all-American revue coming to the Adelphi at the end of this month; it's his first work in London, and his wife and three children are taking the chance to see the Continent while he's over here. He is thirty-six

FROM A PAINTING BY TERRICK WILLIAMS, R.A.

A COPY OF THIS PICTURE CAN BE OBTAINED (POST FREE) ON APPLICATION TO DEPT. B., THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD., ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1. C.F.M.

"Bystander" Short Story No. 53

Camera Study

By Barbara Worsley-Gough

SUSAN VERRALL climbed the eighty-six stairs of the antiquated building in Bond Street where she worked, and put her key into the lock of the door at the top as a clock struck half-past nine. She was usually the first person to arrive at Lorriquers', unless Mr. Meaker, the sad, conscientious young man who helped in the studio, happened to get there first. Doris, who did the mounting and finishing, would appear, breathless, at ten minutes to ten, complaining about the stairs. Lorriquer himself, the famous photographer, whose real name was Evans, and who was known in the establishment as the Boss, never arrived before a quarter past ten, even if there were a ten o'clock appointment. He insisted that Susan, who was the receptionist, should never book a ten o'clock appointment for a man. He maintained that even if a woman client happened to be punctual, she would waste so much time fiddling with her hair in the dressing-room, and examining her own profile, as though she had never seen it before, that it was useless to be ready for her before ten-fifteen.

Susan took off her hat and coat, and went round the studio, reception-room and dressing-room, straightening cushions and putting fresh water into flower vases. Mr. Meaker arrived, dark and dejected, and vanished into the developing-room. Then Doris appeared, panting as usual, because she would run up the interminable stairs. She said to Susan:

"Anything at ten?"

Susan looked at the appointment book. "Yes. A Mrs. Lane."

"What's she like? Not another Society grandmother who wants to look like Love's Young Dream draped in sables?—because I can't bear it. The Boss is about fed up with them, too. He's so sick of shading out double chins with a camel-hair brush that he told me to do the last one myself."

"This one's a telephone appointment, so I don't know what she's like," said Susan.

When Doris had gone to her workroom, Mr. Meaker appeared suddenly at Susan's desk and stood in front of her, fidgeting wretchedly. He said:

"I suppose it isn't any good my saying anything—again?"

"No," said Susan resentfully. Any proposal of marriage, she thought, would be unreasonable at this hour—and Mr. Meaker's proposal of marriage unreasonable at any hour.

"It's still the same chap—the motor-racing one?"

"Of course. Do you think I'm in love with a different man every week?" She hoped, by her impatience, to drive him away.

"Look here," he said unhappily. "I don't want to be depressing, or anything, but I don't know if you've ever thought—I mean——"

"Well?" Susan had heard a step on the stairs.

"This motor-racing business—it's awfully unsafe. I mean, it's a bit of a risk, marrying a man who goes in for that sort of thing. Not that I'm earning much here, but it's steady, and——"

Susan gave him one infuriated look, and he fled into the studio as the door opened. Mrs. Lane, who had the ten o'clock appointment, entered.

Susan, receiving her and conducting her to the dressing-room, thought:

(Concluded on page 410)

Sketch by Molly Bishop

"We wanted to ask you about this photograph"

" They were in cases till I took them out "

" That 's good. Not a tremor "

Photographs by John Everard

Benny Kellerman the Fence (Charles Mortimer):
" Two hundred pounds is my price "

" There is nothing to worry about, Badger." The Doctor (Ralph Richardson) sounds the Old Lag (Hugh E. Wright)

"The Amazing Doctor Clitterhouse"

Ralph Richardson as the Doctor Whose Motto is "Crime and Research" in a Grand Comedy Thriller at the Haymarket

The Burgling Doctor to the Sergeant (Vincent Holman): "Will you kindly show me your warrant-card?"

The Fence: "You're going to get a lot more notes for that book of yours, Clit."
The Doctor: "You mean while you blackmail me?"

Below: Pal (Charles Farrell): "Rot 'im!"

Barré Lyndon's most original crook-play at the Haymarket is one of the best bits of entertainment in London and, as someone said, will certainly be corrupting the morals of schoolboys in the Christmas holidays. The story of the doctor turned crook for the sake of experiments in criminal pathology ("Crime and Research" is his invariable toast) may turn shaky under cool analysis; in the theatre it is new and amusing, and persuasive enough. The situations are as neat as a well-played card trick, and the dialogue fits them so exactly that lines lifted out of their context convey nothing of their witty relevance in the play. The acting and production (Claud Gurney's) are as near faultless as makes no matter. After Ralph Richardson's quizzical easy performance as the doctor, honours go to Hugh E. Wright for his old lag; there's a quality of delicacy and pathos in his characterisation that could well find a place in a less frivolous piece. Joan Marion as a nurse, Meriel Forbes as "Daisy" of the underworld, and S. Victor Stanley as another of the burglarious gang aren't in these pictures, but well might be

Camera Study *(Continued from page 407)*

"Almost one of Doris's bugbears, but not exactly. Not a grandmother; and certainly not a society one. She wants to look like Love's Young Dream, of course—and the pity of it is that she probably does look like it, in the firelight, to the kind of idiotic boy who 's fascinated by experienced women. Lovely eyes—and no double chin for Doris to shade out. Her face has been lifted, of course—that everlasting slight smile. What a horrible woman!" She said courteously: "Mr. Lorriquer likes his sitters to use very little lipstick, if you don't mind. Red photographs very dark, and too much makes the mouth look hard."

Mrs. Lane nodded. "All right. I suppose the photographs can be touched up, afterwards, if an unbecoming line or anything shows?"

"Certainly. If you will come and see the proofs when they are ready, any small alterations that you like to suggest will be made on the finished copies." Susan thought of Doris, and smiled.

SUSAN liked Mrs. Lane even less when she came again, a few days later, to see the proofs. The Boss disliked her so much that he refused to take part in the consultation. When Susan went to fetch him from his little inner room, where he spent all his spare time in telephoning to his bookmaker, he said:

"I 'm not going to talk to that bitch about her wrinkles. She 's fifty if she 's a day, her beauty-doctor has made her look thirty-five, and I 've made her look twenty-five—God forgive me. I don't know what more she wants. Doris can deal with her. She 's used to these hags' tricks. And try and get a cheque out of the woman before we send the things, Miss Verrall. I wouldn't trust her with a bootlace. I know the type."

For all her tactful firmness, Susan did not get a cheque from Mrs. Lane, who proved to be capable of a degree of venom which was startlingly at variance with her bland expression. She had paid a fee in advance for her sitting; and she announced her intention of paying the balance of what she owed Lorriquers by cheque when the photographs arrived, giving as her address the Metropolis Hotel. The photographs, duly touched up by the protesting Doris, were dispatched, but the cheque never came. Enquiries at the Hotel Metropolis revealed the fact that the lady had left without paying her bill. The Boss, grumbling, had dismissed the matter of Mrs. Lane as a bad debt, and had settled down again to telephone to his bookmaker.

SIX months later, Susan was climbing the eighty-six stairs more slowly and listlessly than she had ever climbed them before. Wearily she put away her coat and hat, not troubling even to look in the mirror, and went round the rooms, patting the cushions perfunctorily and splashing the water as she filled the vases. Then she sat at her desk and opened the appointments book. It was a Saturday in August, when even the most successful photographer's work is slack. Only one sitting was booked.

"I 'll get off before twelve, probably," she thought, without interest. There was no excitement now in an extra hour of freedom. In the days when Charles had been waiting to take her out in the car, when a telephone message would have brought him an hour earlier, a short Saturday morning had been a joy. Now it merely prolonged a blank week-end, which had to be endured until Monday morning brought the renewal of the soothing routine of work. Leisure was too great a trial to contemplate. She bowed her head on her desk and wept.

Mr. Meaker, entering quietly, found her there.

She raised her face, red-eyed, and glared at him. She felt she almost hated him, inoffensive creature though he was, because he had talked so much about the risks that Charles ran, and had practically prophesied disaster. She hoped that he would go away before he had made up his mind to say anything, because she knew that whatever he said would be infuriating.

"I 'm sorry," he said nervously, "that you 're still so unhappy, Miss Verrall. But, if you 'll excuse my putting it like that, things might be worse, if you see what I mean. Supposing you had been married to him—I mean, you 'd be a widow, and you 'd have lost this job . . . please don't take offence. . . ."

"If I had been married to him, I wouldn't mind so much," said Susan drearily. She forgave the insufferable solicitude of Mr. Meaker, now that he had opened the subject of her misery, because it was better to talk even to him about it than to go on, saying nothing and feeling sick. "I 'd have had *some* happiness, at any rate. And I 'd feel I had the right to mourn for him. I believe that would have helped. I could have gone and talked to his parents about him, and they could have given me things of his to keep. As it is, I don't even know them. We weren't officially engaged, you see. Charles was so young—less than a year older than me."

"Ah," said Mr. Meaker, trying to sound sympathetic. He coughed, and added, "I suppose you wouldn't care for a bus ride this afternoon? Somewhere quiet, just to get out of London in this hot weather——"

"No, thank you," said Susan, immediately disliking him again, now that he had served his purpose as a safety-valve. Mr. Meaker was not surprised. He slouched off into the developing-room.

At half-past eleven work was over for the day. The Boss and Mr. Meaker had gone. Doris being on her holiday, Susan put everything away for the week-end. She had just finished, when she heard someone at the door, and, opening it, found a man and a woman hesitating on the landing. They were an elderly, countrified pair, with kind, worried faces. The woman carried a flat package, and she said to Susan,

"Is this Lorriquers', the photographers?"

"Yes. Please come in," Susan answered. "You want to make an appointment?"

"Not exactly." They had followed her into the reception-room. "It 's about this photograph. We wanted to ask you about it." She unwrapped the package, and held out a photograph. Susan took it, and recognised the portrait of Mrs. Lane. The Boss's masterly manipulation of the lighting, and Doris's careful work with the touching-up brush had certainly produced a flattering photograph. Susan was surprised, on seeing it again, by the girlish charm which, between them, they had bestowed upon that predatory face.

She asked: "What is it you want to know?"

"Just her name," said the woman apologetically, "and her address."

"I 'm afraid," Susan said, "that we can't give names and addresses of clients without authorisation."

The old man spoke, for the first time. "I had better explain," he said. "You see, the circumstances are rather—special. Our name is Abbott. No doubt you read in the newspapers of our son's death a short time ago. Charles Abbott. He was killed in a motor race. I believe he was well known as a racing driver. He was our only son, and we were very—very much attached to him."

"Won't you sit down?" said Susan, and pulled forward two chairs. She thought: "It 's odd how one's knees knock together. And that queer feeling inside, like going down in a fast lift. But mostly the knees." When they were seated, and she was in her chair behind the desk, the old man continued.

"Our son had no love-affairs, except that he once wrote to his mother, a few months ago, saying that he had met a girl whom he would like to marry when he could afford to. Of course, there was no chance of his marrying then, because he was so young. He never told us her name. Then, when his things were sent back to us—afterwards—from his rooms in London, we found this photograph among them."

His wife took the portrait from Susan's hands and looked at it fondly. It was signed "Christine, with love." "Such a sweet face," she said, a little tremulously. "Of course, it 's the girl Charles was fond of. That 's why we want you to help us to find her. It would be such a consolation to us—and perhaps to her, too, poor girl."

Susan looked at Charles's parents, kindly and sorrowful and old. She thought of Mrs. Lane, with her platinum hair and her lifted face; and she thought of Charles, taken in by them, as doubtless other simple, decent young men had been taken in before. She said gently:

"I 'm very sorry, but I can't help you, I 'm afraid. The original of this portrait went abroad directly after it was taken, and we have no means of tracing her. Her address was a hotel at the time, you see, and we have not even a record of her name. I am very sorry indeed."

The old man rose, with a sigh, and helped his wife up from her chair. They thanked Susan politely. When they had reached the door, Charles's mother looked back, and said,

"Do you remember her? Was she—nice?"

Susan, holding the door open, looked her in the eyes, and smiled.

"I remember her perfectly," she said. "She was charming, and kind, and—just right in every way."

She stood still after they had gone, listening to the sound of their footsteps on the stairs, and even when she could no longer hear it, she still stood there, staring out of the window at the chimney-pots of Bond Street, dark against the bright August sky.

THE END.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Graceful lines with soft flowing draperies characterise many of the new evening frocks now being shown. Skirts in some cases are slim and sheath-like, with a tendency to rise as much as two inches in front, while others are full and swing freely from the hips. There is a classic simplicity about the model on the right from the Younger Set Department at Harrods, Knightsbridge. The frock is carried out in a heavy white ripple crêpe, embroidered at the shoulders and waist with blue beads and gilt studs. It is accompanied by a tunic coat of stitched satin in a deep, elusive shade of blue, with squared shoulders and a swallow-tail back. When fastened it fits closely to the waist and flares at the hem

Dover Street Studios

Lenare

Suggestions for the Trousseau

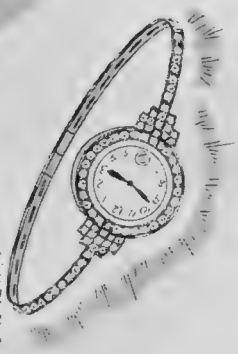
Few people look their best first thing in the morning, and it is therefore all the more necessary that lovely lingerie should be worn. With pallid cheeks, delicate pastel tints are preferable as they encourage a soft glow and flatter sallow complexions. Diaphanous materials, rippling frills and individual touches such as lace jabots and brilliant-coloured sashes, distinguish the collection at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. Every garment possesses a charm of its own, to which mere words cannot do justice. A recent arrival is the dressing jacket above in silk organdie embossed with velvet. It is decidedly "jaunty," with exaggerated puff sleeves, and a garland of fruit and flowers in pastel shades round the neck. The satin nightgown is cut on the cross and trimmed with écru needle-run lace

Negligés nowadays are often so elaborate that they appear like evening dresses. In fact, many people wear them for informal dinner-parties. Materials such as satin, velvet, flowered taffeta and lace are used. Sleeves may be elbow-length or long and full, while a short train is frequently introduced. The model above, however, is more suitable for the boudoir. It is designed to go with the breakfast jacket on the left, and is made of the same material. The colour, by the way, is a vivid azalea pink. Pleated insertions of georgette form the yoke and roll collar. For those who prefer more tailored styles, there are pyjamas with dressing gowns in rich Paisley prints, and reversed cloque crêpe. Other pyjamas, in silk shantung with an embroidered spot in bright colours, cost 59s. 6d.

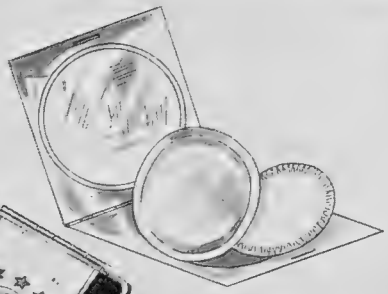
THE BYSTANDER TWINS

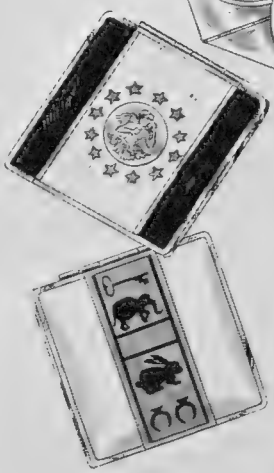
IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES

discovered by peta
pictured by pam

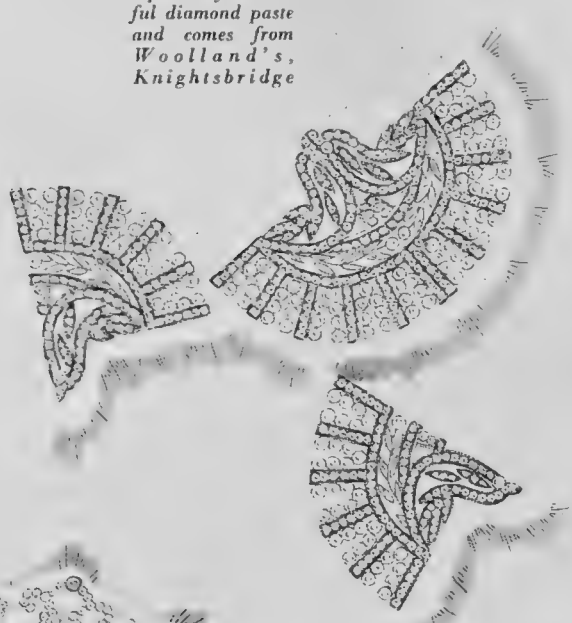


There are many occasions when a wrist watch would prove a most acceptable gift. The one sketched above is enriched with exceptionally beautiful diamond paste and comes from Woolland's, Knightsbridge





Zodiac powder compacts are news at Selfridge's, Oxford Street. Each one is endowed with a different birthstone carved with appropriate signs, which bring love, happiness and success to the owner. An amusing alternative is the Debutante Charm Compact engraved with the key to success, sacred elephant, lucky rabbit, and fortune's horseshoe



Diamonds relieve the severity of plain black and lend an added distinction to any frock. Sketched on the left is a lovely paste brooch from Woolland's, which divides into two clips. The fan-shape design is decorative

Highly concentrated perfumed talc powder is ideal for travelling, and Selfridge's have it packed in ornate boxes for 7s. 6d. It is delightful after a bath or before going out, as it imparts a delicate fragrance which lingers without ever growing stale

Hair ornaments proved so becoming last season that there is every likelihood of their continuing. As a change from flowers and butterflies, debutantes will wear halos or tiaras like the one on the left from Woolland's. This is once more set with diamond paste and only costs 49s. 6d.

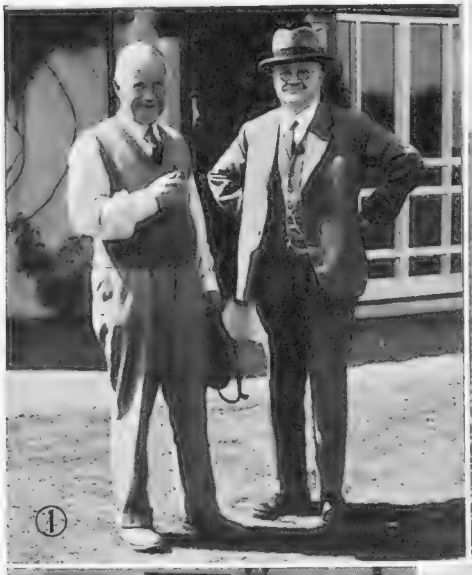
Evening sandals at H. and M. Rayne, 58, New Bond Street, are lovelier than ever this autumn. In satin or marocain, they are dyed to any colour, while the heels are decorative and unusual. The satin pair on the left are enlivened with gold kid

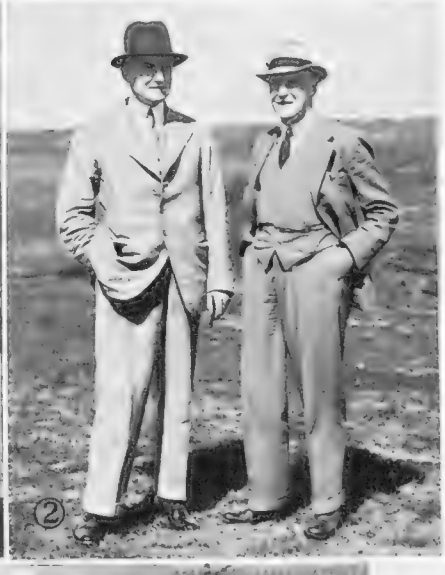
For informal evenings, H. and M. Rayne are showing charming mules with short vamps and a moderate heel. Those pictured on the right are carried out in gold kid lined with contrasting satin and trimmed with a kid bow

Golf Clubs at Home

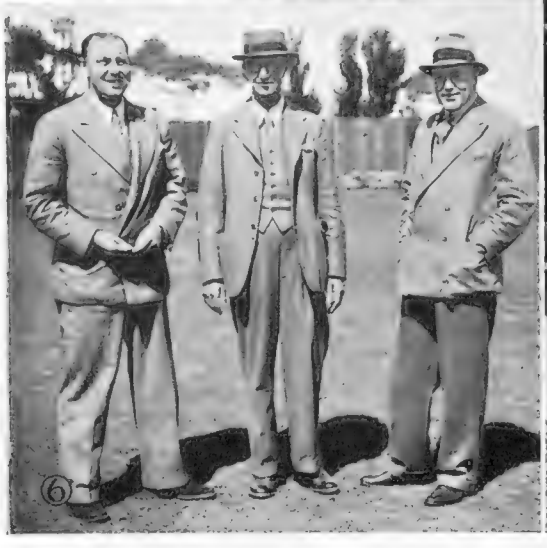
Great Yarmouth and Caister

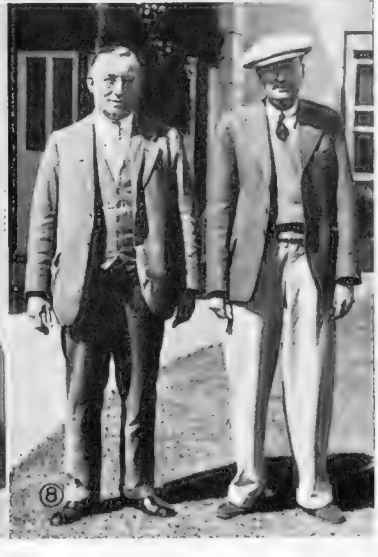
This drier-side club was founded in 1882, and is one of the older clubs in the country. But it offers the up-to-date golfer all he can ask, with four tees near the club-house, no blind holes and an all-season soil. The air and the views of the North Sea are particularly good. Great Yarmouth and Caister is, however, outstandingly famous because here the system of Bogey play was first introduced, by Dr. Thomas Browne, the foundation captain





(1) W. Edgar Stephens (captain) and W. J. Oldham (secretary). (2) E. H. Johnson and E. W. Taplin (ex-captains). (3) S. P. Thompson (committee member) and E. H. Field. (4) A. Miller and H. S. Alexander. (5) H. G. Ruddock, Neil Mackay and J. A. W. Stuart (ex-captains). (6) W. D. Robinson (Norfolk amateur champion), S. W. Cole and G. Murrell Stuart (committee member). (7) P. Hurry Palmer, Dr. J. F. Kelly and A. S. Vaughan (committee members). (8) S. P. Harrington (steward) and C. J. Holland (professional)





J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Walker Cup and Professional Competitions

ON the day this issue of the BYSTANDER appears our Walker Cup team will start its attempt to win this Cup for the first time since these matches were first played in 1922.

What little chance we had of success has been removed firstly by the selectors of the team and secondly by making it cross the Atlantic in a comparatively small ship and certainly a slow one. Visiting teams to the United States are at too great a disadvantage to have much hope of success even if the best match players are selected, as they cannot arrive in time to get acclimatised or to get used to the change of food. On many courses in the United States the grass through the green is considerably coarser than in this country, which makes a certain amount of difference to the playing of the game. Last but not least, the balls used in the two countries are different, the American ball being slightly bigger, which should make it easier to play with. Of course, we have a good team, but I have not met a single person in any golf club who does not hold the opinion that it could be considerably better.

THE late A. C. M. Croome on many occasions complained that the selectors of our Walker Cup teams always chose players whose chances of victories were remote but who were as near certain as possible not to be beaten by a large margin. I did then, and I still do, agree with Croome's opinion. Whether a player is beaten by one hole or by nineteen holes and seventeen to play, he loses only one point for his side.

Major W. H. Aitken would certainly have a chance of winning (which cannot be said of some of our team), but I agree that if he is badly off his game he is likely to be defeated by a very large margin; which, however, as I have written before, records the same result as a player who just gets beaten on the post. Bobby Jones is reputed to have stated that if we have a good team we should have a good chance of victory. It is certainly true that our team this year has a much easier task than most of those who have gone before, for the following reasons: (1) the match will not be played in one of the hottest quarters of the country; and (2) there will be against it no Bobby Jones or Lawson Little or von Elm, each to score two nearly certain points for his side.

WE in this country have never heard of some of the players of the United States team, but this does not afford us very much consolation, as there can be no shadow of doubt that the newcomers are all extremely capable golfers. We had never heard of George Dunlap until he very nearly won the Amateur at Hoylake a few years ago; or of Lawson Little until he won his matches in the last Walker Cup match at St. Andrews with consummate ease, after which he went on to win the Amateur at Prestwick without being extended, except on one occasion.

Let us hope that one of those surprises which are by no means uncommon on the golf-course will be recorded at Pine Valley, and that our team will give a good account of itself; but I am afraid that it is very doubtful whether it will do any better than the last Walker Cup team which Dr. Tweddell captained in the United States.

ALTHOUGH we cannot hold out much hope for victory in the Walker Cup match, we can, at any rate, have reasonable cause for confidence in a British victory in the American Amateur Championship, which will be played at Garden City about ten days later. Although I do not expect Hector Thomson to win his single in the Walker Cup match, I do feel that he has a very great chance in this Championship, as when it takes place he should be more accustomed to the changed conditions and have got over the humping and bumping caused by travelling in the ship.

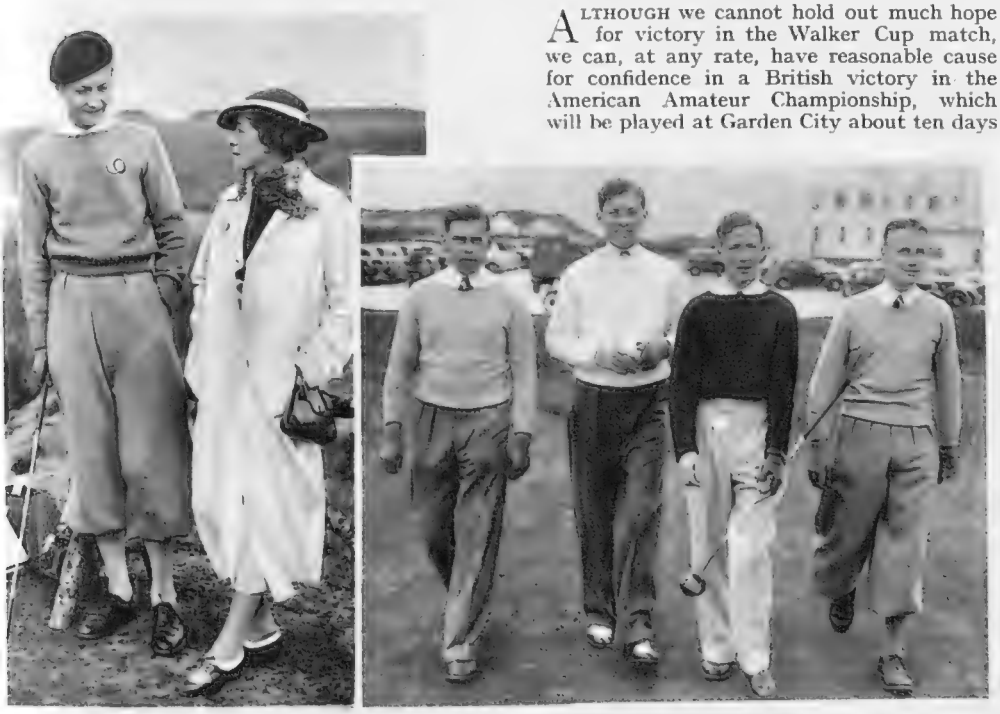
Mr. Scheftel and Miss Grace Amory

Mr. Herbert Scheftel, an Oxford golf Blue, and Miss Grace Amory, well-known American golfer, were at Gleneagles for the August-September season

THE professional golfers of Great Britain have complained that the American professionals have many more opportunities of becoming and remaining first-class players than they have, because they have more competitions of importance to play in; because the prize money is larger in America; and because their clubs are apparently not only willing to allow them leave of absence for big competitions, but are anxious that they should play.

This year our professionals have surely little cause for complaint as regards competitive golf with big money prizes—in fact, one of their regular competitions, the Roehampton Invitation Tournament, was cancelled because a date could not be found for it. This year big competitions for professionals which were not played last year include the *Daily Mail* Tournament, which, after being cancelled for some years, was renewed. The *News-Chronicle*, assisted by Brighton in very much the same manner as the Dunlop Rubber Company is assisted by Southport, has just completed a £1000 tournament. As I write, I do not know whether Padgham has won this tournament or not, but whatever he has done, he still has a chance of winning the *News of the World* Tournament and the Dunlop-Metropolitan Invitation Tournament, which is to be played on the West or New Course at Wentworth on September 21st et seq.

IF you wish to see the professionals play, and can only get away for one of these tournaments, I advise you to choose the Dunlop-Metropolitan at Wentworth, where the West Course should prove a worthy test of our leading professionals, who will all have had to qualify by good performances in previous tournaments. The manufacturers of the "Silver Ball" also ran a new competition for professionals this year at Moor Park, so I do not think they have any longer a justifiable complaint about lack of competitive golf.



The Boys' Amateur Championship at Birkdale

Phillipe Boulart, seen with his mother, was the strongly fancied French challenger in the championship. He was beaten by J. H. T. Barley 3 and 2

Scotland beat England by 8 matches to 3 in the international match preliminary to the championship. In the photograph are John Clymer and J. H. T. Barley (English captain), A. G. L. Lowe (Scottish captain), and W. Y. Reid; the Scottish pair won their foursome 4 and 3

The Deauville

Mother and Daughter in the Sun

Sylvia Countess Poulett and her only daughter, Lady Bridget Poulett, made a contrast in light- and dark-trousered beach suits. Lady Poulett's son, Lord Poulett, and his wife were August-ing in Somerset—there are pictures of them on page 393

Right: Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, whose brilliant service and powerful accuracy thrilled Wimbledon crowds for years, was enjoying her native sun in a neat knitted suit

Mlle. Lenglen Takes a Rest

Lady Castlerosse Netted

The camera-man must have stood right on the edge of the English Channel to photograph Lady Castlerosse coming out, with her head enveloped in the new-style honeycomb net bathing-cap (fashion-seekers please note)

Lord Manton, Miss Molly Bishop and Capt. Dudley Norton

Basking in the Norman sun were Lord Manton, Miss Molly Bishop and Captain Dudley Norton: Lord Manton was in the 2nd Life Guards; Molly Bishop is the clever young artist whose brush has often recorded the social round in the "Bystander"

Season is in Full Swing

England Visits "la Plage Fleurie"

l'Heure de l'Apéritif

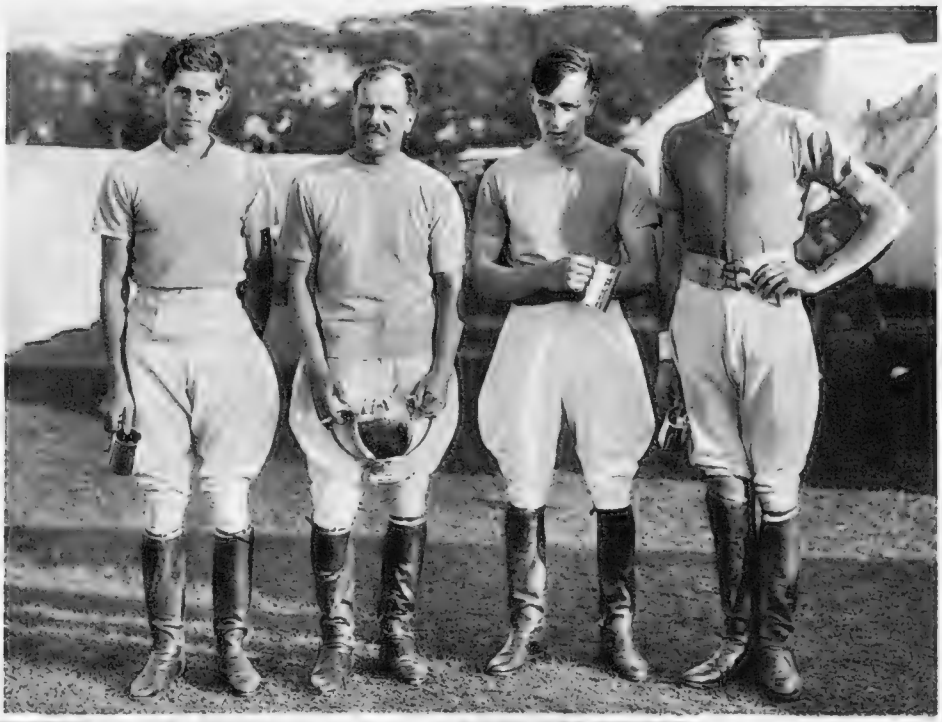
Holiday Setting: Yachts, Beach, Café and Lots of People

Left: Lord Cowdray and Miss Norton were waiting for their waiter, apparently. Lord Cowdray was over at Deauville for the polo season; he played No. 2 for Barneville, who beat Les Guépards in the final of the International Cup

Below: Mrs. John Musker and Mr. Anthony Hornby, who are both amongst those always at the right place at the right time, came ashore from Mr. John Musker's steel twin-screw yacht Annabella

Lord Michelham Views the Shipping

Lord Michelham, whose striped peignoir was one of the features of this year's Deauville, was talking to his captain about the mass of yachts lying in the Bassin de Trouville

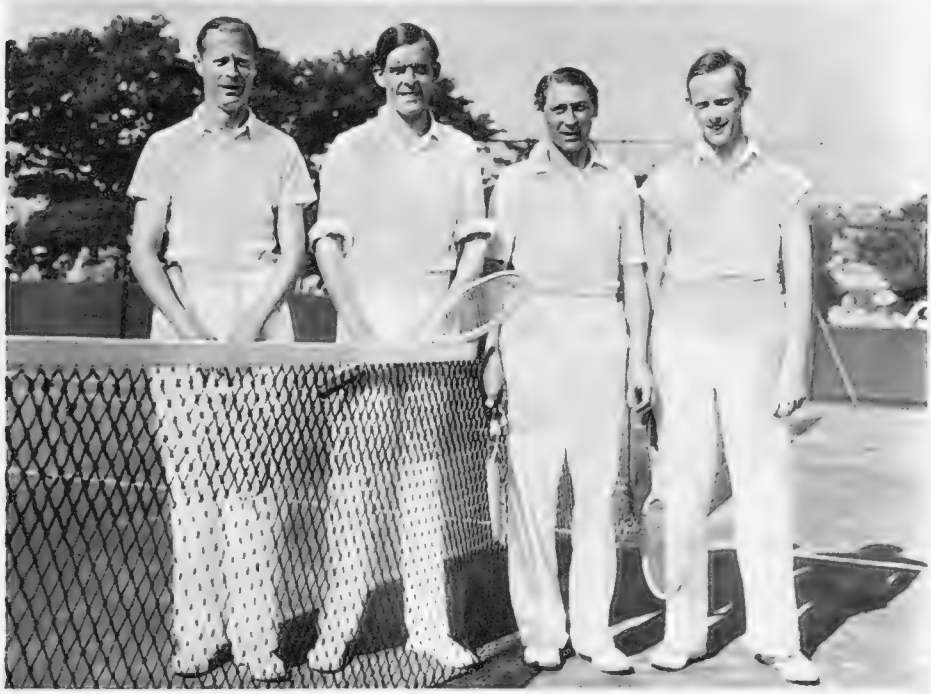


Above: the Chincillas team who won the final tie of the Majestic Cup at Harrogate, beating Calder Hall by 4 to 3: J. N. H. Baldwin (1), Air Vice-Marshal J. E. H. Baldwin (back), R. A. Budgett (3) and Lord Barnby

Left: Mrs. Geoffrey Berners, Mrs. Graeme Whitelaw and Sir Alexander Gordon-Cumming were photographed at Captain Graeme Whitelaw's shoot at Pitchroy, Blacksboat, Banffshire

North Berwick Golfers

Mr. Elic de Rothschild, the son of Baron Robert de Rothschild, and Miss Diana Esmond were at North Berwick. Diana Esmond's sister, Lulu, who was also at Berwick, is engaged to Baron Geffroy de Waldner de Freundstein, another keen golfer



Finalists in the Scottish Hard-Court Championships

R. F. Scovell (the ex-Irish Davis Cup player) and Ian Collins won the men's doubles at St. Andrews for the second year running by beating E. D. Andrews, New Zealand Davis Cup player, and Lord John Hope, Lord Linlithgow's son

Summer Sport

Edited by Howard Marshall

THIS is the silly season for newspapers. The sea serpent makes his annual appearance. Even the body-line bogey is revived. Making holiday in Kent I bought a local paper, and therein found "Tich" Freeman uttering solemn and angry protests against the methods of an Essex fast bowler.

Apparently the bowler in question is Kenneth Farnes, who is alleged to have pitched the ball short deliberately. And why should he not pitch the ball short? Heaven alone knows. These men of Kent or Kentish men, if Freeman's account of their reactions is accurate, are unduly squeamish. The short bumper is a legitimate weapon of the fast bowler. It tests the batsman's nerve. It reminds him that he has a bat in his hands, and that the hook is one of the most glorious of strokes. But it is not body-line. Cricket has come to a pretty pass if famous players are going to squeal publicly whenever a fast bowler drops short of a length.

Farnes will be one of England's opening bowlers in Australia. In my opinion, he

(Concluded on page 422)

The Start of the Guides' Race

A Lowther Family Lunch

Mr. Anthony Lowther is dealing with some food on the left; round the table are Timothy Lowther, Ann Lowther, Anthony George Lowther, Mrs. Anthony Lowther, James Lowther and the Hon. Lancelot Lowther, Lord Lonsdale's brother and grandfather of the children, except Timothy, who is his son by his second marriage

The Lake District Sports at Grasmere

The annual Lake District Sports at Grasmere were held in splendid weather this year and attracted big crowds, and last year's winners came first again in heavy-weight wrestling (John Thomas Brewer, a Manchester policeman), and in the gruelling uphill, downdale guides' race (Ronald Gilpin, a Keswick gardener). But the grand old man of the Games was not there—Lord Lonsdale shut up Lowther Castle this year and moved south. His nephew, Mr. Anthony Lowther, deputised for him

Games Officers Have a Meal

The Rt. Hon. Oliver Stanley, M.P. for Westmorland and a member of the Games Committee, took his lunch with Major Arnold Somervell (in hat), High Sheriff of Westmorland and a Vice-President of the Games. Major Somervell's son Roger is on the left

Nicholson's Kaffir Chief (Cartmel) Won the 12-Mile Hound Trail

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Sons and Lovers: By Alan Thomas

MR. GERALD BULLETT calls his latest novel *The Snare of the Fowler* (Dent; 7*s.* 6*d.*), a title suggested by a verse in Ecclesiastes: "As the fishes that are taken in an evil net, and as the birds that are caught in the snare, so are the sons of men snared in an evil time, when it falleth suddenly upon them." The book is described as a Tragedy of Time and Chance. It is a classical theme clad in modern dress, and my difficulty is that if I give you the smallest hint of the nature of the tragedy I may very well spoil a good part of the effect. For this is a book one may read a second time in order to get the full flavour of the irony. Indeed, it is one of the subtle qualities of this novel that the irony is never forced or blatant. Take, for example, the conversation between Drusilla and Dr. Hewish at the restaurant in Charlotte Street—the passage I turned back to first after I had finished the book. How easy it would have been for a lesser artist than Mr. Bullett to have forced a cup of bitterness upon the reader and made him drain it to the dregs. But this is not Mr. Bullett's way. There is in his writing no consciousness of enjoyment in the sufferings of his characters, no invitation to gloat over their agony. In fact, the whole story seems to unwind less at the author's bidding than in the movements of the actors themselves. And this is a great achievement. For me the only jarring note in the book was Dr. Hewish's interview at the War Office—a small, immaterial incident, yet dished up almost as a piece of burlesque. I suppose I ought to have taken it as light relief: but it didn't strike me that way.

I found *The Snare of the Fowler* an engrossing novel. But if you read it, you must be prepared for strong meat. I don't know what Mr. Bullett's following is. It deserves to be enormous. But whatever it is, this book will add to it.

THE small boy, as met with in most novels, is to be avoided. There are a few exceptions. Among them I number John, aged twelve, in Mr. Hugh Walpole's *A Prayer for My Son* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Mr. Walpole puts this lad in a difficult position. The boy knows he is illegitimate, that when he was a baby his mother handed him over to his paternal grandfather and that for ten years she had no interest in his existence. Then, without warning, he is told that his mother is coming to see him. The reactions of a sensitive, intelligent boy to such circumstances, his early hostility to the mother who has made him a bastard, the gradual fall of his defences in face of his mother's advances, and his own natural longing for affection—all are recorded with a touching fidelity and insight. Mr. Walpole is equally successful with the boy's mother, Rose Clennell. At eighteen she ran away with a married man, whose early death left her penniless with a baby son. When her lover's father, Colonel Fawcus, offered to adopt the child, Rose believed that to give him up entirely was all for the best. When the boy is twelve she is invited by the Colonel to stay with him and her son. She is a fairly hard-boiled young woman with a prejudice against "personal maternity," but Mr. Walpole is so skilful that he makes wholly credible the love Rose immediately conceives for her son.

Colonel Fawcus's character I found less authentic. He is another of those studies in the sinister in which Mr. Walpole specialises. The translation of this outwardly benign old gentleman into a megalomaniac bent on possessing the soul of his grandson is not altogether convincing. My suspicion that he was a futile kind of tyrant was confirmed when, on Rose taking direct action in order to rescue her son, the old man collapsed like a pricked balloon. The story is set in the neighbourhood of Derwentwater, about which Mr. Walpole writes with beauty and grace.

MR. FRANCIS STUART, in his latest novel, *The White Hare* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*), has set himself a peculiarly hard task. The probability of events is all against him. Dominic, a boy of eleven, and his brother Patrick, something over twenty, lived in a large, bare granite house called Rosaril, six miles from the Galway coast. To them enters Hylla Canavan, who was "a suggestion rather than a statement of womanhood." From the moment Dominic and Hylla met they belonged to one another. Even when she was on the eve of marrying Patrick, the little boy could say to her: "You 're my bride, too. You 're more my bride than anyone else's, Hylla." Leaving Rosaril after her marriage, the three inseparables—Hylla, Patrick and Dominic—go to Dublin. After an unfortunate sojourn with respectable friends in Tara Terrace, they repair to a pub on the docks, where life is more congenial. The years pass. Dominic at fifteen knows at last that he is in love with Hylla, and the knowledge leaves him no choice but to quit Dublin. He goes first to Rosaril and then to sea in a floating coffin—and is drowned clasping the letters she has written. It is a sad, romantic tale, told with great tenderness and feeling. But, despite all Mr. Stuart's skill, I couldn't believe in that relationship between Dominic and Hylla. The idea, for example, of Hylla, pregnant, waiting about at Rosaril in order to catch a glimpse of the fifteen-year-old Dominic seemed to me to be wholly improbable.

IN *Not Too Narrow . . . Not Too Deep* (Cassell; 7*s.* 6*d.*), Mr. Richard Sale takes a well-known theme and places it in a new setting. Ten men escape from a French penal colony—regular toughs, they are: murderers, smugglers, spies, and "rapists." With them travelled an eleventh man. His name was Jean Cambreau, but who he was and where he came from no one knew. He was "a strange sort of guy. Sort of compelling . . . motivated by something terrific." The result is that by the time these hard-bitten convicts regain their freedom, they are "changed" men. They have learnt that in reality each of them "lies in a grave that is too narrow and too deep. They can't get up and come out of it. The grave is humanness."

I am not very susceptible to uplift myself, but this book held me by its matter-of-fact tone. It is written with admirable directness and economy of words, rather as if it were a cold narrative of events that have actually occurred. This, I understand, is Mr. Sale's first novel. I shall certainly look out for his next.

Major and Mrs. Francis Brett Young Leave for the Veldt

Major Francis Brett Young, the novelist-poet who was in the R.A.M.C., and Mrs. Young left the Cape recently for a 5000-mile tour in a caravan of the South African Bushveldt. Major Young's latest novel, "Far Forest," was published by Heinemann's last month—it is about England, despite its title

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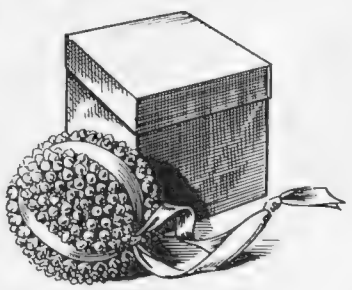

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The Gold Rush by 'Plane

By Charles Ward

Tuning-up the Racers

Less than a month remains for final tests of the 'planes which are to compete in the 1936 edition of the gold rush to Johannesburg. £10,000 is on offer from Mr. I. W. Schlesinger as an incentive to British pilots and designers—with whom are included, of course, those from any country within the Empire—to reach the business capital of South Africa not later than 120 hours after leaving England. At least a dozen aircraft will start, of which the de Havilland 92, or "Dolphin," is a new type and therefore, aeronautically speaking, a dark horse. Direct descendant of the "Dragon," still speaking aeronautically, the 92 has a retractile under-carriage and variable pitch propellers. Its range, with the passenger cabin filled with fuel tanks, will be 3000 miles. Mr. Hugh Buckingham, one of the firm's test pilots, will "ride the 'Dolphin'" in the race. The "Double Eagle" from Hanworth has been cleaned up considerably since the King's Cup event, and it is now capable of 200 miles an hour. This speed with 400 horse-power, carrying a good pay-load, is a notable achievement. Its pilot, Flight-Lieut. "Tommy" Rose, has the advantage of very recent experience over the route. Six "Gulls" have been entered, so that, numerically, the Percival "stable" is the strongest and should secure some valuable prizes.

Along the Airways

The control exercised by the Railway Clearing House over bookings by air has been an anomaly for far too long. Through the action of the Air Ministry, the embargo placed particularly on British Airways has been, or will be, lifted. This refers to Continental services only. All home air routes in competition with Railway Air Services must expect to be ignored by the leading travel agents, who have to follow their principal customer, the Railways, in any ban that may be imposed. Meantime, there is a boom in air mail, the number of letters carried on Empire routes last year amounting to tens of millions. London, Paris and Berlin are to be linked with Tokio, the scheme being a rival to that for bringing China nearer to the West. Both depend on the co-operation of Russia, which favours China as a partner. At Singapore a channel reserved exclusively for seaplanes is being marked and protected by booms and other obstacles to the progress of junks, sampans, and the thousand and one small boats that swarm around the port.

For personal travel the ideal vehicle would be one that ran on the road and flew in the air. The direct-lift Autogiro offers a possibility which is being exploited in America with the aid of a British "Pobjoy" engine. The vehicle is a three-wheeler cabin, over which the blades are folded, ready for extension when the occupants decide to fly. Experimentally, its success seems most probable. The single-seater "jumping giro" will be on the market in England next summer at a price between £400 and £500.

Sir Malcolm Campbell, whose interests lie in the air as well as on the track, with Lady Campbell and Mr. H. Hemming, who is one of the few experts on air survey and mapping from photographs taken from a 'plane

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Summer Sport

(Continued from page 418)

should be very successful. I only hope that this body-line nonsense does not travel ahead of him, and that the Australian public will not be prejudiced.

And how about the selection of Ames for Australia? He seems to be fit again. If he is, will he or Duckworth keep wicket? I think, myself, that it is folly to play any but the best wicket-keeper in Test matches. We cannot afford to make the slightest mistake against these Australian batsmen. A dropped catch or a chance of stumping missed, and we may be a couple of hundred runs down. Duckworth would be my choice every time.

Very soon now the M.C.C. team will be sailing, and on murky winter evenings we shall be eagerly reading the tale of its doings. I believe Allen's team will give an unexpectedly good account of itself. We may even regain the "Ashes," despite all the gloomy forebodings of the pessimists.

To-day and to-morrow, incidentally, we have another international affair to watch with interest—the Walker Cup golf match at Pine Valley. I must say I agree with those who criticise the arrangements whereby our golfers were sent by the long sea voyage—eleven days of it—which not only bored them considerably, but gave them hardly any time to get acclimatised in America.

If we are to indulge in these international contests, we must take them reasonably seriously. Our players must be given every possible encouragement and assistance. Why it was thought necessary to treat the Walker Cup team so parsimoniously I do not know, but it looks like thoroughly unimaginative management. Our players will have had barely a week's serious practice—it took them a couple of days after their long crossing to find their land legs again. If they beat the Americans on the very exacting Pine Valley course, it will be nothing short of a miracle—and no credit at all to the authorities in this country.

America is in the news just now, for last week also the American lawn tennis championships started at Forest Hills, and F. J. Perry will have to fight his way through a record field of some 300 competitors for the singles title. As usual, the Americans have discovered some formidable dark horses, among them a youngster named Riggs, who is said to be very hot indeed.

Then boxing enthusiasts look towards America for their next excitement, for Jack Petersen will probably go over to New York to fight John Henry Lewis for the world's light heavy-weight title. It is strange to think of Petersen as a potential world's champion after his complete eclipse by Ben Foord, but he never really has been big enough for the full heavy-weight class. The trouble is, that he is now between the devil and the deep sea, for to meet Lewis he will have to take off half a stone, and he cannot afford to weaken himself. Then there is that eye of his—he would be well advised to consider undergoing the operation which might cure it permanently.

Petersen should beat Lewis, who is a clever, rather flashy negro without a real punch. If Petersen does fight and win, he will be in the big money again, and he certainly has been extraordinarily successful from the financial point of view. I suppose he has put by some £25,000 during his brief ring career, and how many young men of twenty-five can regard their bank balance with so much satisfaction?

In the meanwhile, we may see Ben Foord fighting Walter Neusel in London, and that should be a hum-dinger of a scrap. I don't think Foord has much of a chance, but at least he will fight while there is breath left in him, and that in itself is unusual in a British heavy-weight.

It is rather startling to realise that the Association football season has already begun, and that even Rugby footballers are seriously training and contemplating matches within the next week or two. This activity is much too early, in my opinion. We cannot expect the present heat wave to last much longer, I suppose, but if it does I pity the poor wretches who have to play "Soccer" on brick-hard grounds under a broiling sun. The Rugby footballers I do not pity at all. If they are sufficiently foolish to start before October, they deserve all they get, and I hope it keeps hot for them.

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Women's Golf

Stones at the Selector

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

PHEW! and again, phew! At this minute I can think of few things that I should less like to do than either play in or watch an International match or a Championship, for the thermometer is, I feel sure, at some ridiculous figure. Probably, by the time we get going at Stoke Poges with the Girls, it will be just as ridiculous the other way. Anyway, I have just bought a new pair of really waterproof golf shoes and, if to-morrow I also buy a sun umbrella the Clerk of the Weather ought to be in such a quandary over which to make a mock of that he will provide a delightful week, neither too hot nor too deluging.

THE teams are picked, and I suppose I must quickly own to being the Selection Committee, and be ready to take all the blame. Having thrown a good many stones in my time at others of that genus, it will now be their turn to throw them at me. It sometimes seems as if International Selection Committees would be in a stronger position if they would take the public into their confidence and tell them just why So-and-So was picked instead of somebody else. If the reasons are bad ones, then the public has every right to complain; but to complain without knowledge is neither just nor helpful. Accordingly, let me try to do that and explain on what principle I worked.

TAKE Scotland first, as holders. They are led and captained by Sheila Stroyan, because she was a semi-finalist in the Girls' last year, had a thumping win in this very same International match, has just been a semi-finalist in the open Swedish ladies' championship, only losing on the last green to Miss Nancy Gibbons, and incidentally has an L.G.U. handicap of 3. "Incidentally," because, though it means a lot of work to get down so low, my theory is that handicaps gained entirely on score play do not always give an accurate guide to match-playing capabilities, least of all in the case of young golfers. Still, when you have little else to go upon, handicap must come into account; it is largely responsible for the placing of the rest of the Scottish side—namely, Jessie Baxter, who has come down with a run to 4 this year, and is a typically Scotch golfer with a good swing; Pam Shand, who has done well in Derbyshire and is down to 5; and Dorothy Thomson, who is an Edinburgh golfer and lately down to 7. Mary Love is a newcomer from Paisley, where, as a junior member, she is not eligible for an L.G.U. handicap. But she has a club one of 5, and has been seen at Stoke by a reliable observer playing such good golf that her place is assured. Then comes Mary Cowan, from Ashdown Forest and lastly, Jean McIntyre, who comes from Hallamshire and hits the ball a long way, and is now at North Berwick. The Scottish reserves are J. F. Halbert, a newcomer from Bramshaw, and Hazel McGlashan, from Auchterarder.

NOW for England. The holder of the Girls' Championship, Peggy Falkner, is, unluckily, too old to defend her name or strike another good blow for England, so captaincy and leadership naturally fall to last year's gallant runner-up, Joan Pemberton, although she has a bigger handicap than the next five members of her team. But she has been gaining grand experience in Cheshire this year, and success in grown-up golf is surely a good credential for Stoke Poges? Sonia Swinburn-Johnson, as a semi-finalist last year, was obviously entitled to play second and she is, moreover, on her home course, those two reasons putting her above Angela Noble, who, at 3, is the lowest handicap on the English side. These two did excellently as a pair in the Wentworth scratch foursomes. Fourth comes Peggy Bullard, who qualified high up for the Midlands championship and was only beaten 4 and 3 by Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp in the match-play stages. Moreover, in the Girls' last year she reached the fourth round and only lost 1 down to Sonia. Waveney Beesley has lately come to 4 handicap, and on that showing earns

(*Concluded on page* iv)

Girls' Championship

AS an experiment, for this year the Girls' Championship entries will be seeded. That is to say, last year's runner-up, the two semi-finalists, and the five other lowest handicaps who have entered will be drawn in the eight different sections of the draw, to avoid their meeting in the early rounds

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Left: Happy in his mastery of his strange instrument, this street musician will play you eerie eastern melodies for an anna or so

Above: The tomb of Safdar Jang, Delhi, is typical of all that is finest in Moghul architecture

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Women's Golf *(Continued from page ii)*

next place, above Peggy Edwards, who has won handicap events with good scores at Manchester. Jacqueline Gordon gets last place, though by handicap she might have been left out, by virtue of taking Sheila to the last green in the fourth round last year. Stoke Poges has seen her pretty constantly the last few weeks, and wiseacres there look upon her with great respect. She is certainly very long, and her handicap may be quite misleading. The reserves are Joan Negretti, a big hitter from Worplesdon, and Peggy Smeeting from Norwood.

On paper, England looks superior; but play is not paper, and prophecy had better dabble in neither.

THE same applies to the Championship itself. The draw has been seeded, as promised, and so—again speaking on paper—the last eight ought all to be players with handicaps of 5 and under. But "ought" is so often made mince-meat of at Stoke Poges that it would be stupid to say "will." One of the most pleasant things about this year's entry is the number of new and unknown players, any one of whom may prove a Nancy Jupp, or a Joan Pemberton. Nothing adds more to the fun of the fair than surprises, and of these there will no doubt be plenty.

Overseas competitors, too, are always most specially welcome, and this year there are three. The two Vaglianos, whose parents gave the International cup for France v. Great Britain, are old friends who came last year, but there is also Daphne Martyn from South Africa, all the more sure of a warm welcome because her club is Port Elizabeth, where Miss Betty Frost came from two years ago.

Only a week more, and we shall be wiser than now. Meantime, phew, again! This is no time to write, only to drink deep and yet deeper of something long and iced.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

The "Bystander's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(15th Year) Ranelagh, October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, 1936

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(12th Year) Roehampton, October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, 1936

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Friday, September 18th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 18th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1935 or 1936, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps; and from any other players at the discretion of the BYSTANDER.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E. Helme* of the change.

The Directors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

FORUM CLUB HOSPITALITY

The Forum Club, 6, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, most generously give Honorary Membership to all competitors during the Autumn Foursomes. As bedroom accommodation is limited, those wishing to avail themselves of this privilege by staying there should apply as soon as possible to the Secretary there. Visitors' tickets for other competitors will be obtainable from BYSTANDER officials at Ranelagh and Roehampton.

A COCKTAIL PARTY

kindly arranged by the Sports Section of the Forum Club, will be held there on Thursday, October 8.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1936 **No Entrance Fee**

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Friday, September 18th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter

Mrs. / Miss .....*of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address .....

.....*Telephone No*.....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / Miss .....*of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address .....

.....*Telephone No*.....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

September 2 — September 8

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Aldwych, 8.30. Tues., Wed., 2.30.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—A thriller of the best type, alive to its last kick; Ralph Richardson, as the amazing doctor in pursuit of psychological data, gets tangled into an amusing bunch of crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle, well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GENTLE RAIN.—André Charlot embarks on straight plays with this, whose cast includes Viola Keats (back from America), Alan Napier, and Haidée Wright: Vaudeville, 8.30.

THE LADY OF LA PAZ.—Lilian Braithwaite dominates the stage as her rôle dominates the play—full-blooded acting of a hearty part, with Nova Pilbeam as one of her troublesome offspring: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Imperturbable as its traditional national origin, this Chinese play goes on and on, with Clifford Bartlett, Marjorie Mars, and Viola Tree acting à la chinois: Savoy, 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.—Not one of Shakespeare's brightest, but put on beautifully with a strong cast—Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Gyles Isham and Valentine Rooke: Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, 8.30. Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MISS SMITH.—Simple, lively story telling about a governess-girl who takes a family in charge; Olga Lindo interprets her sympathetically; also Phyllis Konstam and Julien Mitchell: Duke of York's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.40.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Rex Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30 (not Mons.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—This fine play by Mazo de la Roche is about a family dominated by its grand matriarch (Nancy Price); full of humanity: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mons.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BLACKBIRDS OF 1936.—Noise, rhythm, colour, speed and more than a pinch of wit combine to make this show, as usual, breath-taking in the extreme; if you like these things, you'll love it: Lyceum, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LILAC TIME.—The old Schubert favourite has Helen Gilliland, George Graves, Charles Mayhew, and Maria Minetti in the cast: Coliseum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NO! NO! NANETTE.—This old favourite has Clifford Mollison, Phyllis Monkman and Barbara Vernon to sweeten it with the old songs, and Shaun Glenville to salt it with humour: Hippodrome, 6.25 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE No. 81.—Don Galvan, the Mexican troubadour, returns, Paddy Browne is a newcomer, there's a "September Morn" tableau and an Olympic Games sketch: Windmill, 1.20 to 11.30, non-stop.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—Herbert Farjeon's is the wittiest revue in town; do not miss Ivy St. Helier, Nelson Keys, Madge Elliott, and Cyril Richard in it: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—A gay, romping piece that goes more than one better in the old game of guying grandmamma's youth; book by Herbert and Eleanor Farjeon, music by Ernest Irving and décor by Motley; Frederick Ranalow, Joyce Barbour, Adelaide Stanley, Bruce Carfax and Gertrude Musgrove head a cast which put over these good things with zest: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Straightforward comedy with honest-to-goodness laughs reliant on situation rather than wit; Robertson Hare is a dentist; Alfred Drayton and John Mills back him in fun-making: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play is the longest unbroken runner in town—and deserves it—with clever acting by Owen Nares and Fay Compton in a St. John's Wood family-life comedy: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

CHINESE WHITE.—Melodramatic story about bandits, missionaries and a lovely Eurasian in China; Edmund Willard is a villain, Arthur Hardy acts and produces: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DUSTY ERMINE.—Leonora Corbett acts charmingly as the daughter of a family gone to seed, whose other members include David Horne and William Fox; plenty of drama and humour: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Robust thrills by Edgar Wallace and Ian Hay, in which Gordon Harker is a detective up against a terror that detonates various scenes; Jack Hawkins and a big cast emphasise the suspense and reliefs: Prince's, 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FUGITIVES.—A typical Hackett play; rapid, improbable and convincing, it sweeps Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle and Phyllis Dare through personal adventure and national revolution: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HEROES DON'T CARE.—Felix Aylmer is the North Pole hero; and his wife, Carol Goodner, doesn't care for him, nor does Rex Harrison care for heroism; the slight plot of these Arctic interactions is a frame for lively acting and dialogue: St. Martin's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams' gruesome character play, with a new cast (Esmond Knight, Vivienne Bennett and Charles Mortimer), is at the Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING TIDE.—Overwhelmingly optimistic, this piece showers good fortune round the stage, upon landlady Louise Hampton and her brood of lodgers; go to be cheered up: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Meatiest light comedy in town, by James Bridie and Bruno Franck; Roger Livesey and Sara Allgood are best of an amusing cast: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—Hilarious and well-entrenched success from the U.S.A. (with all-American cast) is made largely by Romney Brent's clever character-part and the never-failing dialogue between him and Bernard Nedell or Claire Carleton: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

SWING ALONG.—Firth Shephard's new musical was very much liked in Manchester; Leslie Henson dances a can-can in it: Gaiety, to-night, 2nd.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—This is Mr. Black's variety and Brighton liked it a lot; Nervo and Knox, Flanagan and Allen, Naughton and Gold head the bill: Palladium, to-night, 2nd.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello's newest has an exciting story and the same team to produce as in *Glamorous Night*; cast includes, as well as himself, Dorothy Dickson, Walter Crisham, Zena Dare and a vast chorus: Drury Lane, Thurs., 3rd.

THE COMPOSITE MAN.—Ronald Jeans writes a straight play, described as a comedy of bluff, a satire on the commercialisation of art; Richard Bird and Diana Churchill (*Dominant Sex*) lead: Daly's, Tues., 8th.

CINEMAS

DE KRIBBEBIJTER (Dutch).—Means the Cross-patch, and is the taming of a masculine shrew. Louis Borel (well known here), Cor Ruys and Louis de Bree are the stars: Academy.

EAST MEETS WEST (British).—George Arliss is a Sultan, Lucie Mannheim a brutal trader's wife and Godfrey Tearle the British Ambassador, in a drama of the East: New Gallery.

IT 'S LOVE AGAIN (British).—Attractive Jessie Matthews dances charmingly through a blithe tale with Sonnie Hale and some fine sets; Victor Saville directed: Tivoli.

THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES (British).—H. G. Wells' whimsical tale makes a convincing film with Roland Young as the miracle-worker, Joan Gardner as "Cleopatra" and Ralph Richardson as Col. Winstanley: Leicester Square.

MARY OF SCOTLAND (American).—Katharine Hepburn as the Queen and Fredric March as Bothwell in a lavish glimpse of "history": Empire.

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN (American).—Capra's clever new film with more than a turn of satire and wit; Gary Cooper at his best; also Jean Arthur and Lionel Stander: Regal.

THE PETRIFIED FOREST (American).—Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart in the splendid piece of character inter-play: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII. (British).—Revival of Charles Laughton's classic display of period manners and mannerisms: Curzon.

RHYTHM ON THE RANGE (American).—Bing Crosby, father of crooners, is the dramatic and musical pivot of this rural romance, with Francis Farmer: Carlton.

A WOMAN ALONE (British).—Anna Sten, Henry Wilcoxon and glimpses of the Ballets Woizikowsky in a story of pre-war Russia: London Pavilion.

YOURS FOR THE ASKING (American).—Dolores Costello Barrymore, Ida Lupino and George Raft revolve, like the plot, round a gambling table: Plaza.

MUSIC

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

TO-NIGHT, 2ND: Bach concert, with a bevy of important soloists; First and Fourth Brandenburg concertos in F and G, fifth piano concerto in F minor (Harriet Cohen), second violin concerto in E, sacred songs from 82nd Church Cantata, and Schemelli's Gesangbuch.

THURS., 3RD: Mozart-Haydn concert, with Joan Coxon, Heddle Nash, and Albert Sammons; Mozart's 39th Symphony in E flat, third violin concerto in G, concert aria (Misere! O sogno, o son desto), Haydn's Clock Symphony, and aria from *The Creation*.

FRI., 4TH: Beethoven concert, with William Parsons and Arthur Rubinstein; "Prometheus" Overture, Song of the Flea, Pastoral Symphony and piano concerto in C minor; also the Bach-Elgar Fantasia and Fugue in C minor.

SAT., 5TH: Mixed concert, with Mary Jarred, Keith Falkner, Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson; Schubert's *Rosamund* Overture, Constant Lambert's King Pest Scherzo (conducted by composer), Sibelius' Valse Triste, César Franck's symphony in D minor, Purcell's trumpet voluntary.

MON., 7TH: Wagner concert, with Miriam Licette and John Brownlee; Fliegender Holländer overture and duet (Like to a Vision), Siegfried's Idyll, Elsa's Dream (*Lohengrin*).

TUES., 8TH: Schubert-Mozart concert, with Elisabeth Schumann, Jean Pougnet (violin), and Bernard Shore (viola); Schubert's entr'acte and ballet music (*Rosamund*), Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante and arias.

THE THREE CHOIRS' FESTIVAL.—Opens at Hereford, to-morrow, 3rd.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

NATIONAL RADIO EXHIBITION.—Olympia (closes next Saturday).

BAKERS' AND CONFECTIONERS' EXHIBITION.—Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, from Sat., 5th.

PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS' EXHIBITION.—Royal Institute Galleries, from Sat., 5th.

SPORT

TO-DAY, 2ND: Derby Races (till Thurs.); Brighton Races (till Thurs.).

FRI., 4TH: Manchester and Folkestone Races (two days).

SAT., 5TH: R.A.C.'s T.T. Race, Belfast; London-Brighton walk; Bexhill, Folkestone and Harrogate tennis tournament finals; junior championship of Great Britain open, Wimbledon (till 12th).

MON., 7TH: Irish amateur golf championship opens, Portmarnock, Ireland (till 11th); Girls' open golf championship, Stoke Poges (till 11th).

TUES., 8TH: Doncaster Races.

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Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Yvonne Gregory

Joan Margaret Hutton

Is the only daughter of Mr. C. A. Hutton, of The Willows, Datchet, and of Mrs. W. O. Bentley, of 14, Addison Road, W.14; she is engaged to Mr. P. A. O. Northey, The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), eldest son of the late Colonel A. C. Northey

Kay Vaughan

Patricia Bland

Is the only child of the late Captain C. E. W. Bland and Mrs. Bland, of Colsterworth House, Grantham; she is engaged to Thomas Oliver Neville Clarke, third son of the late Charles Neville Clarke and Mrs. Neville Clarke, of Four Oaks, Warwickshire

Kay Vaughan

Viola Dudley

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Dudley, of Linkenholt Manor, Andover, Hants.; she is engaged to Keith Home Thomson, only son of Mr. Bernard and the late Mrs. Thomson, of 178, Ashley Gardens, Westminster, S.W.1

Elliott and Fry

Helen Morison

Is the elder daughter of the late William Morison and Mrs. Morison, of Newmiln, Perth, and she announces her engagement to Geoffrey Balfour Gourlay, second son of Mr. W. F. and the late Mrs. Gourlay, of 35, Old Kirk Road, Edinburgh

Lenare

Evelyn Scarlett

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Scarlett, of West Buttlands, Beaconsfield, Bucks.; she is engaged to Captain George Hamilton Ogilvie, late Indian Forest Service, of Larchmont, Kirriemuir, Angus

Kay Vaughan

Diana Spitta

Diana Camilla Dacre Spitta, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Harold Spitta, of 12, Bolton Street, W.1, announces her engagement to William Harold Blyth, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth, of Hill, near Rugby, Warwickshire

Hay Wrightson

Helen Grace

Is the daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. H. G. Grace, of Thornby, Brockenhurst, Hants.; she has announced her engagement to Lieut. Richard Marsh, R.N., son of Brig.-General and Mrs. F. G. Marsh, of Pine Wood, Hordle, Hampshire

Marjory Lacey

Susan Kidston

Announces her engagement to James Frederick Simpson, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Simpson, of Birkdale, Lancs.; she is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Kidston, of Headley, Epsom

Elwin Neame

Eileen Armstrong

Is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Armstrong, of Malden, Surrey; she is engaged to Cecil Palk, of 52, Upper Brook Street, W.1, younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Palk, of Paignton, Devon

Guthrie — Stewart

John G. Robertson Guthrie, younger son of Mr. Charles and the late Mrs. Guthrie, of Bishop's Cloce, Barnton, Midlothian, and Margaret Monica Stewart, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grosvenor Stewart, of Greenfield Lodge, Lasswade, Midlothian, were married at St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh

Purvis — Camell

Robert W. B. Purvis, son of Major and Mrs. R. W. Purvis, of Gilmerton, Fife, and Vivienne Camell, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Camell, of 1, Queen's Gate Place, S.W., and Calcutta, were married at Holy Trinity, Kensington

Catherine Bell

Esmé Fitzroy

Is the elder daughter of Mr. Cyril Duncan Fitzroy, of 34, Cranley Gardens, S.W.7; she is engaged to Major Reginald Hanbury, elder son of Colonel and Mrs. Lionel Hanbury, of Hitcham House, Burnham, Bucks.

Lenare

Wallace — Moore

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Dr. William Herschel Scott Wallace, younger son of Dr. and Mrs. Sim Wallace, of 142, Harley Street, W.2, married Norah Stott Moore, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Moore, of Austerlands, Kingston Hill, Surrey

Greaves — Bedingfield

Ronald Greaves, the only son of the Bishop of Grantham and Mrs. Greaves, of The Sub-Deanery, Lincoln, and Anne Bedingfield, only daughter of Mr. Philip Bedingfield, of Colombo, Ceylon, were married at St. John's, Westminster

Lenare

Miriam Owen

Is the only daughter of the late Thomas Owen and Mrs. Owen, of Friar's Gap, Hawarden, Cheshire; she is engaged to Harold Francis Pascoe Grenfell, eldest son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. John Grenfell, of Wymondham, Oakham, Rutland

Addison — Wand

Michael Addison, youngest son of Dr. Christopher and the late Mrs. Addison, of Peterley Farm, Great Missenden, Bucks., and Kathleen Amy Wand, only daughter of the Archbishop of Brisbane and Mrs. Wand, of Bishopbourne, Brisbane, Queensland, were married at Watlington Church

Lephard — O'Brien

Ronald Lephard, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Lephard, of West Tarring, Worthing, Sussex, and Nancy O'Brien, second daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Frederick O'Brien, of West Byfleet, were married at St. John's, West Byfleet

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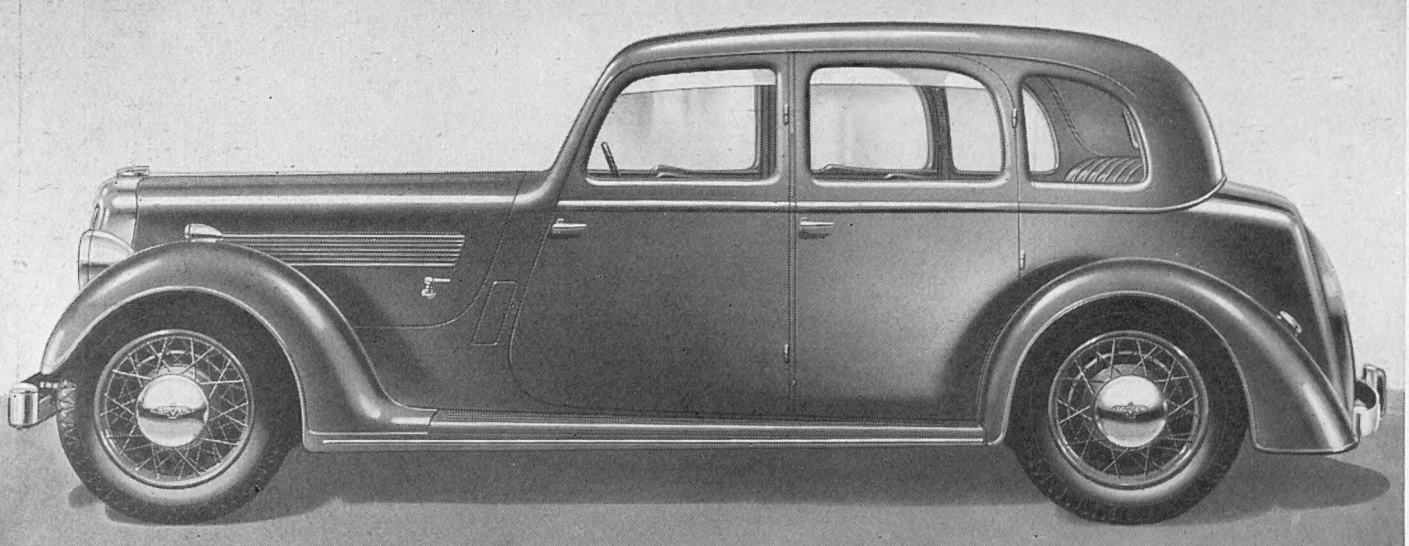

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"THE BROAD-MINDED BINGE": *by Christine Jope-Slade*

"SURCHARGED ONE-AND-SIXPENCE:" *by W. Cooper-Wilson*

UNDER THE STARS—September

★ BALMORAL: *by James Milne*

★ SIX EXPERIMENTS WHICH MAY CHANGE OUR LIVES: *by A. P. Luscombe Whyte*

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE: *by J. E. Knox*

DINING RECESS: *by Winifred Lewis*

WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE COLOUR?

FLOOR TREATMENTS

HEALTH AND BEAUTY: *by "Chrysis"*

WOMEN CAN'T RUN HOTELS: *by Margery Lawrence*

BRITAIN'S WARTIME LARDER: *by C. Patrick Thompson*

BOOKS: *Reviewed by Arnold Palmer.*

I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW: *by Mary Young*

NEW FABRICS

FURNISHING—Horror into Elegance: *by Vere Denning*

★ AUTUMN FASHIONS: *by Jean Burnup*

LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR: *By Louisa Kay*

BRAIDED JUMPER DESIGN—Knitting Pattern

CHILDREN'S PARTY

AN "R" IN THE MONTH: *By Elizabeth Hughes Hallett*

SNACKS AND SAVOURIES—FLAVOURINGS: *By A. H. Adair*

CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED

★ MOTORING SECTION: *Conducted by The Earl of Cardigan*

BRITANNIA AND EVE

GET IT AT THE BOOKSTALL OR FROM YOUR REGULAR NEWSAGENT

Percy Ponsonby-Maguire
To his bookie sent a wire.

"£10 each way 'Early Bird'"
a horse the tipsters all preferred.

The girl who took the wire goes
to the talking picture shows
And 'phoned the name of 'Early Bird'
In the gangster voice she'd heard.

'Early Bird' won — to collect
Percy went — his hopes were wrecked
"Your wire came through as 'Oily Boid'"
Said the bookie "your bet's void!"

Percy cursed for like a mug he
hadn't placed the bet with Duggie

Percy's plight should not be pitied
If a wire's not transmitted
properly-then Duggie pays.
No wonder Duggie gets such praise!

Write to-day and open a Credit Account

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